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REVIEWS OF NEW BOOKS.

America, Historical, Statistic, and Descriptive.
By J. S. Buckingham, Esq. 3 vols. 8vo.
London, 1841. Fisher and Co.

THE characteristics of this work are plain fidelity and circumstantiality. It is a very entire and comprehensive view of the United States, diligently collected by a man of observation, and one who has seen enough of other parts of the globe to enable him to compare and contrast the people of different countries, and their manners and institutions with each other. It is, in short, a sensible, matter-of-fact account of what Mr. Buckingham saw in America, and an equally straightforward expression of his opinions thereon.

Leaving out all notice of his personal efforts in the causes of temperance and education, we need only refer to other interesting topics which he discusses, to enable readers to form an idea of the way in which he has treated them, and of the qualities of the mass of information contained in these large volumes, occupying, altogether, nearly 1700 pages. It is merely the task of selection; and we begin with the description of the usual sources of public intelligence, the journals of New York, of which Mr. B. states:—

"As might be expected, the party of the rich have the greatest number of newspapers arranged on their side; for it is by the rich that the newspapers are every where chiefly supported. The mere sale of a paper here, as in England, is wholly unproductive of profit; advertisements are the only source of gain: the papers most read by the rich will therefore be the favoured channel for advertisements, and here the richest merchants as well as the smallest traders advertise their goods. The gains thus acquired by a newspaper enabling it to be more profuse in its expenditure, it can command the earliest news, the most correct reports of public proceedings, and, indeed, have all its departments conducted with more talent, because it has more funds at its disposal to pay for the unavoidable cost of all these aids. There are thus no less than ten large daily papers, five morning and five evening, devoted to the party of the Whigs, with slight shades of characteristic differences between them; while there are only two large daily papers devoted to the party of the Democrats, or that of the present administration; and though each of the Whig papers, taken chiefly by the rich, not only supports itself, but yields a handsome annual surplus income, the papers of the other party are thought not to pay their expenses, but to require every now and then pecuniary aid for their support. 'The Evening Post,' which is the leading paper of the Democrats, is at present under the editorship of one of the most celebrated poets of the country, William Cullen Bryant, who may fairly rank with our Campbell, the author of the 'Pleasures of Hope'; and, like other great poets, Milton, Byron, Campbell, and Moore, he is an extreme Liberal in his politics. In talent, wit, taste, and above all in gentlemanly fairness of argument, this paper appeared to me to possess great superiority over most of its opponents, though there are several of the

Whig journals conducted with great ability also; but the vituperative style with which most of the public writers denounce every one who thinks or feels differently from themselves, shews how easy it is to combine loud professions of liberal principles with the bitterest intolerance and most uncharitable bigotry. Besides the larger newspapers, which are sold at the price of about threepence, English, there are several daily papers published at a cent, or a halfpenny each. These are very small in size, and inefficient in management, their profits not admitting of an adequate expenditure for great talent, though one of them, the 'Sun,' is said to circulate 30,000 copies daily. Their cheap price occasions them to be taken chiefly by the humbler classes; and therefore, with only one exception, these cheap papers are democratic, and two or three of them what are called *locofoco*. They have not talent enough employed on them, however, to give them much influence in political circles; and their chief attraction seems to lie, first, in the cheapness of their price, and then in their containing those police reports of crimes and quarrels, which, unhappily, interest so large a portion of mankind, and for which the conductors of newspapers, as unhappily, find it to their interest or profit to cater. The only very clever paper of this class that I saw, was one that is now extinct. It was called 'The Plain Dealer,' and conducted by Mr. Leggat, one of the most powerful political writers in the country. It was an exact copy of the 'London Examiner,' in shape, size, typography, and arrangement, and was written in the democratic tone and brilliant and witty style of the model it had chosen, in its best days. But it was too clever and too refined for the multitude; it wanted that charm for vulgar tastes which the annals of crime and vice can alone supply; and its very purity and excellence were, therefore, the causes of its failure. The rich, who might have relished its talent and wit, if it had been employed in the advocacy of their interests, would not patronise it because it was democratic; and the other classes, though approving of its politics, found it dull, without their accustomed stimulus; and thus the paper fell for want of adequate support.

One of the strongest of the national prejudices of the mass of the people in America, embracing all classes except the highest and most intelligent, is a dislike to any thing bordering on what they consider to be the interference of foreigners in any matter which they conceive they are able to determine for themselves; and of all such foreigners, they are apparently most jealous of Englishmen. It is true that the jealousy of the English does not prevent them from receiving the benefit of our trade, selling us their cotton, and taking our payments, whether in goods or money, in return; nor does it prevent them reading our books, and republishing at a cheap rate whatever English publications they may think most likely to produce a profit by their sale. But they do object most strenuously to any personal efforts, made by Englishmen in their own country, to correct any evil, of which they

may be supposed to be competent judges themselves. Hence, in almost every State of the Union, there are to be found one or more newspapers, embodying this national sentiment in their very titles, and in the mottoes appended to them. The paper of this description at Washington, and a fair specimen of its class, is called, 'The Native American,' and its motto is, 'Our country—always right:—but, right or wrong, our country.' True, therefore, to its title and its motto, its conductor avows it to be his object to denounce every thing foreign, for the reason that it is not 'native American.'

Other periodicals are thus described:—

"The literature of New York is but ill represented by its newspapers, of which I had occasion to speak before; and I need say no more here than that, from various causes, and for various reasons, they are almost all below the standard which the intellect and the taste of the community would seem to require. Among the daily papers, the 'American,' and the 'Evening Post,' the first conducted by Mr. Charles King, and the second by Mr. Bryant, the American poet, are marked by the greatest attention to literary subjects. Among the weekly papers, the 'Albion' and the 'Mirror' rank the highest; the former a political paper, devoted chiefly to English and colonial interests, and much read by the British in Canada as well as in the States; and the latter a literary paper, but wanting vigour and energy in thought and style. The religious newspapers of New York form an exception to the general character of the newspaper press. They are conducted with ability, are strictly moral and religious, and, though representing different sects and classes, are tolerant, mild, and impartial. Of these, the 'Observer,' the 'Evangelist,' the 'Christian Advocate and Journal,' the 'Christian Intelligencer,' and the 'Churchman,' are the most prominent. There are, besides these, two French newspapers, political and literary; one German paper; some few devoted to Roman Catholic interests; and a number of obscure prints, that live their little day of transient popularity, and then disappear. Of monthly periodicals there are two, the 'Knickerbocker,' edited by Mr. Clarke and Mr. Edson, and the 'American Monthly Magazine,' edited by Mr. Park Benjamin. They are quite on a par of excellence with the best of our English magazines; have more of the serious and useful, and less of the frivolous and fleeting, than any of them; and many of the contributions to each would be highly estimated in any country. A new Review, published quarterly, has just been started, under the editorship of the Rev. Dr. Hawkes, of the Episcopal Church, and is likely to be very popular. It is conducted with great ability, beyond doubt; but there is a fierceness of Conservative wrath, and a bitterness of political scorn, in some of its articles, which were meant to be poured out as vials of indignation against democracy in general; but while they fall harmless on the heads of those intended to be the chief objects of its attack here, they will excite only a smile at their folly in the politicians of other countries,

to whatever party they may belong; for it is difficult to imagine any thing more grotesque than to see the avowed admirers of republicanism, which all the Whig editors here acknowledge themselves to be, raising an outcry against democracy as the greatest of evils. For myself, I think the cheap little paper of the 'Common School Union' of far more value and importance to the formation of the public mind and public morals of the rising generation of the United States, than all the other newspapers, magazines, and reviews put together. These last aim more at amusement than instruction; and nearly all are more deeply interested in promoting the triumph of a party, than in seeking out truth, or, when discovered, in defending it at all hazards, and proclaiming it far and near. While, therefore, political disquisitions, party politics, and acrimonious controversies, occupy a prominent portion of the pages of the larger papers and publications adverted to, with a great admixture, in too many of them, of the frivolous and vitiating, this little bark pursues the even tenour of its way, freighted with the rich ores of the most useful and important information that children can possibly possess, and best adapted to fit them for the due discharge of their duties as men. Here are the heads of the subjects treated in detail, in a single number of this paper. 1. News of the day—in which the principal events are briefly, clearly, and pleasingly told. 2. Education—embracing facts and opinions of the highest value on this important subject. 3. Social morals—essays on duties and obligations in life, and reasons on which they are founded. 4. Science of government—unfolding all the great principles of state policy in the different forms of monarchies, aristocracies, and republics, with brief comments on each. 5. Duties of public officers defined according to the constitution, with the advantages and disadvantages of particular appointments, and deficiencies yet requiring to be supplied. 6. Domestic economy—embracing the whole art of housewifery, and the best management of a family in every department. 7. Political economy—discussion and elucidation of the questions—What makes things cheap? and what makes them dear? What labour is productive, and what is unproductive? What are the uses of money? What are the laws that should regulate trade? and so on. 8. Agriculture—containing every new fact and process connected with this important branch of knowledge, including horticulture and botany, useful and ornamental. 9. Mechanics—the science and practice of all that belongs to the labours of artisans, in every branch of manufacture. 10. Practical chemistry—in so far as it is applicable to the various processes of every-day business in ordinary life, with occasional descriptions of new and important discoveries. 11. Natural philosophy, in its most comprehensive sense; but, like all the others, explained in the most familiar terms, and illustrated by facts and the results of experiments. Such is an epitome of the contents of a single number of one of these interesting sheets; and the result is, that it is, perhaps, the only newspaper published in the world, of which persons of pure taste could read every line, from beginning to end, without weariness or displeasure: for there is no space occupied by advertisements; no penny-a-line paragraphs; no births, deaths, marriages, prices of stocks, or any other kind of information, suited only for particular classes. It is all good, all useful, all interesting; and I can conceive no greater benefit conferred on a community than the introduction

and extensive circulation of such a paper as this. The sincerity of this opinion may be tested by the fact, that I became a subscriber for 200 copies of the paper while in New York, which were sent to England by the post, addressed to such of the members of both houses of parliament, and private friends of mine throughout the country, as I thought most likely to approve such a publication; urging them, by the best arguments I could use, to do their utmost to increase and multiply such papers in every county and city of Great Britain. One of the greatest obstacles which at present impede the free course of literature, and retard its improvement in America, is the absurd legislative enactment, by which all imported books, with few and unimportant exceptions, are subjected to heavy duties, amounting to from thirty to fifty per cent, according to the size and style of the work, as the duty is not estimated by the price or value of the books, but by their weight avoirdupois: the impost by the tariff being thirty cents per lb. The consequence of this prohibitory duty is, that very few of the best English books are imported into the country; their original high price, from our own equally absurd duties upon paper, with the additional price which this impost occasions, rendering it unsafe for booksellers to import English works at their own risk; and, therefore, hundreds of our very best productions are never seen on the west of the Atlantic. The only books imported are those of a transient, but, at the same time, a popular interest; and these are not imported for sale in their original shape, but for the purpose of reprinting, for which a single copy is enough. The protection of English copyright not extending to America, all our popular reviews and magazines are here reprinted, including the Edinburgh, Quarterly, London, Westminster, and British and Foreign Reviews, Blackwood's, Bentley's, Tait's, the Metropolitan, and other magazines; and as the publisher here has nothing to pay for the contributions or articles, the heaviest item in the European cost, he reprints them at the mere charge of printing and paper, and sells them at a large profit. The Pickwick papers, Mr. Bulwer's novels, and every other work of mere entertainment, is thus reprinted, and sold for one-half, and sometimes for one-fourth, their English price; and thus an extensive sale is secured. The people having but little leisure, every one being engaged in some way of business or other, and few books of solid instruction or useful learning being presented to them, while a host of light and frivolous works are amply offered to their choice, the only reading in which the bulk of the community indulge is that of the newspapers, the reviews, and the novels of the day. These, instead of being the occasional occupation of a portion of the time spared from severer studies, form the whole circle of their reading, and the result is just what might have been anticipated; first, that the reading of graver and more important works, in their complete state, even when these are attainable, which is but rarely, is thought too great a labour for any but professors and heads of colleges to undertake; secondly, that a vitiated appetite for the stimulating and absorbing is created and fed, becoming at length so pampered that it can relish no other kind of food; and, thirdly, that the newspapers and reviews give such party views of the topics on which they treat, and the books they profess to analyse, that few who confine their reading to these sources have any accurate conceptions of the true merits of either. Thus the most erroneous

ideas are engendered and propagated respecting men and things, which strengthen into prejudices, and take such deep root as to defy all logic, reason, and experience. The first step to the amendment of this condition of the public taste in literature, would be to repeal all duties on imported books, in whatever language, or on whatever subject; the next, to enact a mutual and reciprocal law for the international protection of copyright for a limited period; and then to let the inter-communication of thought between nation and nation be as free as the air."

Mr. B. gives a description of voting by ballot, which he considers to be quite a novelty, and unnecessary in America, where the grand defect is "that there is no previous registration of voters, nor any preliminary inquiry, so as to ascertain even the points of name, citizenship, and residence; in consequence of which, if a person presents himself under any name, the superintendents have no means of ascertaining whether he is really the person he pretends to be or not; if he calls himself a citizen, no proof of citizenship is demanded beyond his swearing to the fact; and if he declares himself a resident in the ward, no corroboration of this is asked from any other party. In consequence of this defect, it is said that in the densely peopled wards, inhabited by the labouring classes, and especially the emigrants, there are repeated instances of the same man voting in several wards under different names; many Irish labourers, who have not been six months in the country, and who have no legal claim whatever to citizenship, voting as Americans; and as almost all these are additions to the democratic party, they assist to alter the real balance of power between the contending forces."

Our author seems to think that the Redskins are descended from the ancient Indians, and adduces some arguments of language, custom, and architecture, in favour of the supposition; but the inquiry will come better before us by and by; and we pass to matters more peculiar to America and its white colonists. Mr. B. notices some of their traits, and his remarks and illustrative anecdotes are amusing. *Ex. gr.*—

"An English minister happened not long since to be in New York on his way to Washington; and behind his carriage there were two footmen dressed in livery. Their appearance first excited the attention, and then gradually increased the numbers, of the crowd; till, at length, shouts and hurrahs were set up by the boys, who cried out, 'Hurrah for the Englishmen! hurrah for the Englishmen!' It takes two Englishmen to make one Nigger! meaning that two English footmen were thought necessary to do the duty which they had been always accustomed to see one negro perform. * * * A remarkable instance of 'impressment,' practised on Mrs. Wood, the popular singer, who had preceded Madame Caradori Allau in her visit to America, was mentioned to me here by one who was present at the party. A general living in the neighbourhood of Philadelphia, who had become suddenly rich, furnished a house in a costly manner, and gave gay parties. He had little else but his wealth, however, to render them attractive; his wife being especially untutored and unpolished, as he had married before he became rich, and both were elevated to their present importance without the requisite personal qualifications to sustain it. To render one of their parties more than usually popular, they invited Mr. and Mrs. Wood among their

guests; these at first respectfully declined, on the ground of fatigue; but they were pressed with so much earnestness, that they at length were subdued into consent. When the entertainments of the evening were fairly commenced, and several ladies among the visitors had sung, the hostess invited Mrs. Wood to seat herself at the piano, as the company would be delighted to hear her beautiful voice; but Mrs. Wood begged, with a very serious countenance, to be excused. At first the astonishment created by this refusal was evinced by a dead silence and a fixed stare; but at length the disappointed hostess broke forth: 'What! not sing! Mrs. Wood; why, it was for this that I invited you to my party. I should not have thought of asking you but for this; and I told all my guests that you were coming, and that they would hear you sing!' 'Oh!' replied Mrs. Wood, with great readiness, 'that quite alters the case; I was not at all aware of this, or I should not have refused; but since you have invited me professionally, I shall of course sing immediately!' 'That's a good creature,' rejoined the hostess; 'I thought you could not persist in refusing me.' So Mrs. Wood seated herself at the piano, sang delightfully, and to the entire gratification of hostess and guests, gave, without hesitation, every song she was asked for, and some were *encored*. On the following day, however, when the host and hostess were counting up the cost of their entertainment (for, rich as they were, they had not lost their former regard for economy), to their utter consternation there came in a bill from Mr. Wood of 200 dollars for Mrs. Wood's 'professional services' at the party of the preceding evening, accompanied by a note, couched in terms which made it quite certain that the demand would be legally enforced if attempted to be resisted; and, however much they were mortified by this unexpected demand, they deemed it most prudent to pay it, and hold their tongues. The hotels of Washington—at which strangers usually reside for a few days before they get into a boarding-house, if they intend a long residence in the city, or where they remain entirely if their visit is a short one—are greatly inferior to those of New York, Philadelphia, or Baltimore; and the boarding-houses are still worse. In both, the domestics are all negroes; and in the latter, mostly slaves. They are generally dirty in their persons, slovenly in their apparel, and unskilful and inattentive in their duties. In the boarding-houses, the members of Congress, and other inmates who use them, occupy a separate bed-room, which they use for office, bureau, receiving-room, and all; and on passing by these, when the door is open, one sees a four-post bed without canopy or furniture, the upper extremities of the posts not being even connected by any framework; and the bed pushed close up against the wall by the side, to leave the larger space in the rest of the room. A table covered with papers occupies the middle of the apartment, often with a single chair only, and that frequently a broken one; and around on the floor are strewn, in the greatest disorder and confusion, heaps of congressional documents, large logs of firewood piled up in pyramids, the wash-basin and ever, printed books, and a litter of unfolded and unbrushed clothes."

The preceding reminds us of another theatrical *morceau*, thus told:—

"During our stay at Washington, Mr. Forrest, the great American actor, was engaged at the principal theatre; and, as connected with his performances, some anecdotes came to my

knowledge, which, as they are strikingly illustrative of the state of feeling in the slave states, on all matters touching negroes and slavery, deserve to be mentioned. After his representation of Othello, the editor of the 'Native American,' published here, denounced the play as one wholly unfit to be permitted in any southern state, where it was revolting, as he thought, to represent the dark Moor, Othello, paying his suit to the fair Desdemona. This was an outrage which he deemed it the duty of every white man to resent; and he shadowed forth the sort of resentment which he thought ought to be put in practice, by saying that 'even if Shakspeare, the writer of the play, were to be caught in any southern state, he ought to be lynched' (that is, summarily punished by being tarred and feathered), for having written it! In strict harmony with this sentiment, was the other incident that occurred. Mr. Forrest had performed the part of Spartacus, in the play of the 'Gladiator;' and in this is represented, first, the sale of a wife and child away from her husband, all Thracian captives, at which great horror is expressed by the characters of the play themselves; and next, the gladiators, who are all slaves, are incited by Spartacus to revolt against their masters, which they do successfully, and obtain their freedom. On the day following this, Mr. Forrest's benefit was attended by the President and his cabinet, as well as members of both Houses of Congress, and a full share of residents and strangers. But the manager of the theatre received many anonymous and threatening letters, warning him against ever permitting this play to be acted in Washington again; and one letter from a member of Congress, told him that if he dared to announce it for repetition, a card would be addressed to the public on the subject, which the manager would repent.* Such is the feverishness of alarm, among a population whose constant objection to any efforts for the quiet and legal emancipation of the slaves is, that they are so happy and contented that there is no need of change! and that they are so satisfied with their present condition that they would not accept of their freedom if it were offered to them!"

Of Washington, in continuation, it is related:—

"The longer we remained in Washington, the more we saw and heard of the recklessness and profligacy which characterise the manners both of its resident and fluctuating population. In addition to the fact of all the parties to the late duel going at large, and being unaccountable to any tribunal of law for their conduct in that transaction,—of itself a sufficient proof of the laxity of morals and the weakness of magisterial power,—it was matter of notoriety, that a resident of the city, who kept a boarding-house, and who entertained a strong feeling of resentment towards Mr. Wise, one of the members for Virginia, went constantly armed with loaded pistols and a long bowie-knife, watching his opportunity to assassinate him. He had been foiled in the attempt, on two or three occasions, by finding this gentleman armed also, and generally accompanied by friends; but though the magistrates of the city were

"This matter was subsequently compromised, by the exclusion of all the coloured population, whether slave or free, from the theatre, into which they are admitted on ordinary occasions, on condition of sitting in a separate gallery, apart from the whites. On this occasion, however, they were not to be admitted at all; and accordingly, in the 'National Intelligencer' of March 15th, over the announcement of the play of the 'Gladiator,' to be performed that evening, was placed conspicuously the following line:—On this occasion, the coloured persons cannot be admitted to the gallery."

warned of this intended assassination, they were either afraid to apprehend the individual, or, from some other motive, declined or neglected to do so; and he accordingly walked abroad armed as usual. Mr. Wise himself, as well as many others of the members from the South and West, go habitually armed into the House of Representatives and Senate; concealed pistols and dirks being the usual instruments worn by them beneath their clothes. On his recent examination before a committee of the House, he was asked by the chairman of the committee, whether he had arms on his person, or not? and, answering that he always carried them, he was requested to give them up while the committee was sitting, which he did; but on their rising, he was presented with his arms, and he continued constantly to wear them as before. This practice of carrying arms on the person is, no doubt, one of the reasons why so many atrocious acts are done under the immediate influence of passion; which, were no arms at hand, would waste itself in words, or blows at the utmost; but now too often results in death. A medical gentleman, resident in the city, told me he was recently called in to see a young girl who had been shot at with a pistol by one of her paramours, the ball grazing her cheek with a deep wound, and disfiguring her for life; and yet nothing whatever was done to the individual, who had only failed by accident in his intention to destroy her life. In this city are many establishments where young girls are collected by procuresses, and one of these was said to be kept by a young man who had persuaded or coerced all his sisters into prostitution, and lived on the wages of their infamy. These houses are frequented in open day; and hackney-coaches may be seen almost constantly before their doors. In fact, the total absence of all restraint upon the actions of men here, either legal or moral, occasions such open and unblushing displays of recklessness and profligacy as would hardly be credited if mentioned in detail. Unhappily, too, the influence of this is more or less felt in the deteriorated characters of almost all persons who come often to Washington, or live for a long period there. Gentlemen from the Northern and Eastern States who, before they left their homes, were accounted moral, and even pious men, undergo such a change at Washington, by a removal of all restraint, that they very often come back quite altered characters, and, while they are at Washington, contract habits, the very mention of which is quite revolting to chaste and unpolished ears. There can be no doubt that the existence of slavery in this district has much to do with creating such a state of things as this; and as Washington is one of the great slave-marts of the country, where buyers and sellers of their fellow-creatures come to traffic in human flesh; and where men, women, and children, are put up to auction, and sold to the highest bidder, like so many head of cattle; this brings together such a collection of speculators, slave-dealers, gamblers, and adventurers, as to taint the whole social atmosphere with their vices. All this is freely acknowledged in private conversation; but when people talk of it they speak in whispers, and look around to see that no one is listening; for it is at the peril of life that such things are ventured to be spoken of publicly at all. An instance of this occurred not long since in one of the steam-boats navigating the Western rivers. A gentleman who had been to the South was describing to another, in confidential conversation, his impressions as to the state of society there, and

happened to express his great abhorrence of gamblers, when a fashionably-dressed person in the same boat, who had overheard this conversation, came up to the individual who had used these expressions, and said, 'Sir, you have been speaking disparagingly of gamblers; I am a gambler by profession, and I insist upon your apologising, and retracting all you have said.' The person thus addressed replied, that as the conversation was confidential, and addressed only to his friend, without being intended for any other ear, he could not have meant any personal offence; but as what he had said was perfectly true, he could neither apologise nor retract; whereupon the gambler drew the concealed dagger, which almost every one in the South carries about his person, and stabbed this individual to the heart. His death was the immediate consequence, and yet no further notice was taken of this affair, by the captain or any other of the passengers, except to land the murderer at the next town, where he passed unmolested, and ready, no doubt, to repeat a similar atrocity."

We have now done all that we mean to do in so far as regards Mr. Buckingham's first volume, and his visit to New York, Philadelphia, Washington, and Baltimore. Our extracts are fair samples of his work, and we close it for the present with his sketch of a no less important personage than the British minister to the government of the United States:—

"Among the remarkable persons to be seen in Washington, besides the President, heads of departments, and members of both Houses of Congress, the British minister, Mr. Fox, deserves mention. This gentleman, a near relative of Lord Holland, is upwards of sixty years of age; he has the reputation of being amiable and learned; but he is so rarely seen, either in his own house or out of it, that it is regarded as quite an event to have met with him. His appearance indicates feeble health; and his habits are quite sufficient to account for this. Instead of rising at four in the morning, like the ex-president, John Quincy Adams, he goes to the opposite extreme, of not quitting his bed till one or two in the afternoon; and he avoids mingling with society, either at home or elsewhere, as if it were naturally distasteful to him. Book-auctions, which are frequent here, sometimes tempt him, but scarcely any thing else can draw him out. He has the reputation of being a great entomologist, and it is said that his greatest happiness consists in the frequent receipt of cases of insects from the various parts of the world in which he has either travelled or resided, or where he has friends or correspondents. His life is, therefore, probably as happy, in the solitude to which he seems voluntarily to have devoted himself, as that of men who seek their pleasure from other sources; but his influence upon society is absolutely nothing. This furnishes a striking contrast to his predecessor, Sir Charles Vaughan, who is regretted by most of the residents here, as he is described to have been one of the most social, affable, familiar, accessible, and agreeable ministers ever sent to Washington from the court of St. James'; and, as such, his good qualities drew every body constantly around him."

The Trustee. By the Author of the Tragedy of "The Provost of Bruges," &c. 3 vols. 12mo. London, 1841. Colburn.

We have experienced much pleasure in the perusal of these pages. The tale itself is of high interest, and the characters portrayed with a master's hand; more especially, per-

haps, the females, who, although various, are eminently feminine: the loving, innocent heroines, Katharine and Rose Waring; the be-reaved and half-insane "Mammy Edith;" the humble, Christian Widow Armistead; and the more subordinate Jane Armistead and Mary Hogwell,—all partake of this charm, and consequently excite and carry with them the sympathy of the reader. Nor is the author wanting in force in the delineation of his males. We merely give the first praise to the most difficult part of his design,—that of keeping the words and deeds of woman acting under violent impulses and untoward circumstances un-exaggerated and faithful to nature. This the author has accomplished, as well as the rest of his task, so as to ensure him many readers. Finely drawn throughout is the character of Richard Waring; and no less so, though entirely opposed to it, is the original one of "Scampering Jack," who shall speak for himself in our first extract:—

"He was a young man of middle size, but spare in the extreme; yet his limbs appeared well set, and if not muscular, at least sinewy. His face partook of the meagreness of his body, but its expression was not unpleasing. The eyes were small, quick, and restless; the brow, free and open; and the mouth, working with a smile, half good-humoured, half cunning. His motions were all rapid, angular, and abrupt; and his whole appearance, that of a shrewd, pleasant eccentric. His dress was no less remarkable than his person and his manner. Its portions had all originally met as strangers, and had not yet softened down into any thing like harmonious companionship. It seemed a little parliament, in which were met the representatives of all the estates of the kingdom. Here a piece of finery—there a rag; with every shade of quality and wear between. Nothing was in its right place, nothing of its right size; some were too large, and some too small; some too long, and others too short; yet the wearer appeared well satisfied, and accosting Sir Edward with all the ease of a well-dressed, as well as a well-bred man, cried, 'Sir, I shall be proud of your acquaintance.' With some hesitation, yet unwilling again to run the risk of making foes, the knight replied, smiling, 'As marriages are said to be settled in heaven before either of the parties appear on earth, so our acquaintance seems to have been doomed before either was aware of the other's existence; since it was only as your representative I was taken on board this ship, and lost my passage to Scotland in the Adventure, for which I had made arrangements.' 'That is very extraordinary,' replied the other, gravely; 'the first time I ever heard of any one being mistaken for me!' 'It was in the dark,' suggested Sir Edward, in explanation. 'So I should think. Very vexations for you though. Spain is not quite in the direct road to Scotland. You must be sadly put to it.' 'No,' said the knight, 'it gives me little care; for,' he added, with a sigh, 'all parts of the world are now indifferent to me.' 'Very extraordinary again! Just like me. Cool myself at the pole, or hang myself up to warm on the line—all alike. That I call independence. Independence makes a gentleman, *ergo*, I am a gentleman. Better than a pedigree, that! They call me Scampering Jack. Perhaps you never heard of me; but the Scamperings are a very old family. Xenophon scampered from the Persians, and got more credit by it than he would if he had beat them. And in our day, Charles scampered from Francis, and Francis scampered from

Charles; yet neither of them loses caste by quartering our family arms in his scutcheon. I would tell you who my father was, for I dare say I had one, but I never knew him,—perhaps he was ashamed of me. Probably I had a mother too—but no matter—perhaps I was ashamed of her. What odds where a man comes from, so long as he is here? A chip floats as well as a man-of-war—and better too, for the chip never sinks, and the other does often—ay, and carries a thousand poor un-offending wretches with her too. Well—mine's the luck!—I am only a chip; cut nobody can tell from what block; but I float about quite safe, calm or storm, to all parts of the world, and find friends every where. Every body likes Jack, and Jack likes every body. When they are kind, I do them a good turn—when they are saucy, I give them a good thrashing;—keeps me in exercise, and teaches them manners—two good things, and nobody the worse for them. Good things are seldom got so cheap as that—eh? And now I have told you all about myself, I wonder who you are—but I don't ask you, mind; ask is a beggar, receive is a poor gentleman. Perhaps I know you very well—perhaps I can't think who you can be. Like confidence, when it's given—hate prying, when it is not. Don't speak except you like.' 'Really,' said Sir Edward, half amused, half annoyed by the latter portion of his voluble companion's speech; 'you place me in a dilemma.' 'Say no more—say no more. Would not make a man tell a lie for the world. It would all be charged at my door, if I did. Never told a lie in all my life, that I recollect. Don't always speak the truth—that is, not the whole truth; but never tell a lie. Bad custom—wrong; foolish, too; nobody believes you again. By the way, why are we ashamed to say we won't do a thing, because it's wrong? Always try to cloak it with a worldly excuse. Let ourselves down to the understanding of those we talk to. Very curious, is not it—eh? Ashamed to do right—very odd!'"

This wild being is mixed up with the action of the story; there is something so touching in the entire absence of evil, and almost womanly soft-heartedness of this strange creature, that we are tempted to give another short extract to him. The affection ever after continued to Walter Armistead is thus begun:—

"I say, Sir Edward, you ought to be proud of that, be as great a man as you may! That boy loves you. How I should like to be loved! Don't think I was ever loved in my life. Every body likes me, but nobody loves me. Rather be loved by one than liked by all the world though; but I suppose I never shall! And the poor fellow's face grew grave, even to sadness. 'I think you will soon be loved by one,' said Walter. 'Indeed! who?' 'By me,' answered the boy, smiling. 'Do you think so, really?' cried the other, brightening up. 'That's a brave fellow, then we'll try. If you do, I dare say I shall love you too. There, don't look so grave, as if you thought I ought to love you already. Love is a very big word, means a great deal. I like you very well, very much. Think you are a nice boy, very nice boy, but don't love you yet. Should tell a lie if I said I did. People have to do a great deal before they are loved—all except women, that is. They get loved at once, and for doing nothing. Very odd! They have the luck of it. I say, have you left any body behind in England that you care about? Any father, or mother, or sisters, or brothers—eh?

What! tears!—Beg your pardon, very sorry, did not mean to make you cry. There, give me your hand. I've said something wrong—always do. Very odd! Did not mean it, upon my word I did not; very sorry, very! Only going to say, if you would like to send a message home, I could get it taken for you by the first ship that sails. They'd like to know you had got safe."

The death of the Protestant enthusiast, Jane Armistead, and the attempted revenge of her maddened brother, are highly wrought. The latter, perhaps, rather too closely resembling the celebrated scene in Victor Hugo's "Notre Dame." With it we conclude our notice of a cleverly imagined and very vigorously written work; the first two volumes of which are particularly powerful and affecting:—

"They found the widow and her daughter seated together, the former reading from a book which lay upon the table, the other supported by pillows in a chair—a breathing skeleton, from whose hollow eyes a wild and almost supernatural fire seemed to blaze upon the intruders. 'Two priests!' she cried. 'Nay, then, the time is come at last. The carcass is here, and the crows are gathering round it.' 'Hush, my love!' said the mother, anxiously. 'It is our kind friend, Father Lawrence.' 'Father! whose father?' Jane echoed, impatiently. 'He is not mine.' 'Jane—my poor child!' said the old man, advancing kindly to her, 'You are very ill. Be calm.' 'I am on my road to heaven,' she replied, 'where you are come to shorten my way; but, look you miss it not yourself!' 'Why did you not attend the mass to-day?' asked the friar, addressing himself to the widow. 'Do you not see, brother, that she has this dying child? How could she leave her?' interposed the gentle old priest. 'I spoke to her, and expected her answer,' said the other: 'I did not know you had come here to be her apologist. Why did you not attend the mass to-day, I ask?—though now, indeed, you have been prompted to your reply.' But the widow remained silent; and her daughter, after earnestly watching her for a few seconds, exclaimed, 'Do not fear him, mother! Why do you not tell him? Then I will speak for you. We did not go because we are not idolaters, and do not bow to stocks and stones. Are you answered?' 'Take down her words,' said the friar to Father Lawrence. 'I will not!' cried the old man, indignantly. 'Do you not see that she is dying? You go too far, and make men hate our creed by your severities. Would you proceed against a wretched being like that?' 'Living, dying, or dead, I would proceed against every heretic in the land; and will do so to the utmost of my strength! Woman, what is that book you have been reading, and now are trying to conceal? Give it to me!'—'It is my own,' the widow answered, timidly. 'Give it to me, I say!' 'It is my own,' she repeated, clasping the book to her bosom. 'You have no authority to rob me of my goods.' 'Give it to me!' he shouted, in a voice of thunder; 'or I will take it by force!' 'Oh, spare me—spare me that book!' she cried, in agony. 'Do with my wretched body what you will—bear me to prison—to death, if it is your pleasure—but leave me only that book, and I will be patient—happy under it all!' 'Give it to me, my good friend,' said Father Lawrence, gently approaching her; 'it shall be safe, I promise you.' She placed it confidently in his hand, and he laid it reverently on a table behind him, while Jane looked

doubtfully on, yet appeared satisfied that it was still within her reach. 'I bade you give the book to me!' cried the friar, with a darkening brow, and advancing to take possession of it. The dying girl, by a strong effort, rose from her chair, and stood erect between him and the treasure she sought to guard. 'Stop! Priest of a false faith, it is the Word of Truth! Dare not to stretch towards it thy impious hand, lest it should wither it!' 'Stand aside, and save that chattering tongue for your own defence,' he cried with passion, fiercely grasping her thin bony arm. 'My child!—my child!' shrieked the mother, springing to her side. 'You shall not hurt the maiden,' said Father Lawrence, with a voice that trembled with indignant emotion. 'I am a priest of the same Church as you, and I will protect her.' 'Look to your own protection, Brother Lawrence!' cried the friar, scoffingly. 'This shall be reported to the bishop. You have been once imprisoned on suspicion—the next time it shall go harder with you.' 'I defy thee and thy threats, thou merciless man! Let the child go!' 'Do not fear, mother; do not fear, old man; he cannot hurt me,' said Jane, calmly. 'It is a blessed hour for me;—I have waited for it, and it is my triumph. Let him bring tortures, if he will—racks—burning coals—I care not. I should not feel them now. My flesh is dead, and I can laugh at his malice.' 'Say you so, mistress!' cried the friar, between his set teeth, while his face flushed darkly with all the worst passions of his evil nature.—'say you so? We will try!' and he took her skeleton hand in his, palm to palm, and crushed the small bones together in such a manner as to give exquisite pain, yet without any display of violence. 'He is torturing my child,' shrieked the widow. 'Devil!' cried the old priest, springing upon him. But his feeble strength was vain, and the other easily held him back with his disengaged hand, while that which held the suffering Jane's trembled with the savage fierceness of his grasp. 'Do not fear, mother,—do not be distressed,' the daughter said, in a low, faint voice, as she gently put her mother aside. 'It is nothing—he does not hurt me much. Nay, see, he cannot hurt me much when I can smile and talk to you so calmly.' Yet as she spoke, the cold sweat was breaking from her forehead, and the drops ran down her ashy brow. 'Come here, mother—kiss me—I am going,' she added, a moment after. 'God bless you!'—and before the blessing had quite left her lips, the slender and brittle thread of life had snapped, her head sank, and she fell lifeless on the floor. The friar kneeled a moment over her and touched her pulse. But he knew well the signs of mortality, and his investigation was soon ended. He then drew out his tablets and wrote, 'Jane Armistead—died an unrepentant heretic. Interment in holy ground is forbidden to her body,' and, without another word, he left the house.

And—

The gate of Sir Richard Waring's house stood open. Walter passed it with a stealthy step—he crossed the court-yard unobserved—and entered the house. He met one of the servants there, of whom he demanded to be directed to the Friar Francis; and so little was there in his voice and manner to excite suspicion or remark, that the man at once pointed out to him the room, and passed on to the business on which he was engaged. Walter entered the chamber. There was a moment's silence—then loud and passionate voices—and then a piercing cry for help. The alarmed servants hurried to the spot, and

stood transfixed with horror as they beheld Walter Armistead issue from the chamber, dragging with him the struggling friar, his hand upon his throat, and his face flushed, and his eye wild with frenzied passion. 'My sister!—my murdered sister!' shouted the young man, as he bore his writhing prey up the broad stairs. The terrified servants hesitated for a moment, and then made a feeble and unconcerted effort for the deliverance of their ghostly director. 'Back!' Walter cried, 'back!' or advance at your peril! He that opposes me pays for it with his life. I bear a murderer to execution!' Again they paused, and he made good his way, though the friar struggled with a violence few could have withstood; for he was a strong, sinewy man, and scarcely past the prime of life. But all his strength availed nothing against the maniac gripe of his desperate adversary. At length the servants, aroused and stung by the threats, denunciations, and appeals the friar ceased not to pour forth, made a general and simultaneous rush to his relief. But it was now too late. Walter had gained a door, which, passing through, he dropped the bar and fastened. The two now stood alone, and, from that moment, the friar never spoke a word. He knew well the fierce passions with which he had to contend, and that they were deaf alike to threat or to entreaty. He scorned to use either, and the deadly strife was continued in silence. The noise without now shewed that they were attempting to force the door; and Walter, glancing around, saw that the room had yet another outlet. Again shouting, 'My sister! my sister!' he dragged the friar to this, and forced him through, fastening the door behind him as before. A narrow flight of stairs now lay before them, and, seizing his victim round the waist, he bore him up these, while the wretched man caught at the balustrades with such despairing efforts, that his torn nails broke and split from his fingers; but all in vain. Still they ascended, till a door stopped their way; and, forcing this open, they stood upon the roof of the tall house, and overlooked its parapet. In the court below, an eager and anxious crowd was collected, and among them stood Sir Richard Waring. When the combatants appeared upon the roof, the object of the assault was at once understood, and an exclamation of horror broke from the lips of all. The friar, too, glanced down from his dizzy height to the paved yard beneath, and knew his intended fate. His hands were bleeding, his cheek ashy white, and his features set in the rigidity of despair. He looked in the eyes of his adversary to try if he might glean a hope from any relenting expression there; but he could read nothing but the reckless frenzy of a madman. He listened to the sound of the servants as they battered at the opposing doors, but it was faint and distant. He heard the voices of his friends below, but they could render him no aid. He was alone with his terrible foe, and had nothing to trust to but his own efforts. He twined his arms wildly round the last rail. 'My sister!—my murdered sister!' still shouted the young man, as, with tugging violence, he tore him from it, and, inch by inch, worked him nearer to the edge. 'A gun!—a gun!' cried a voice below. 'It is the only chance to save him.' Half-a-dozen men immediately rushed into the house, and quickly returned with the weapon, which was thrust into Sir Richard's hands, no one choosing to expose himself to the risk of its use; for the two struggling men were now so momentarily shifting their position, that the chance was quite as great of hitting him they sought

to rescue as his opponent. Sir Richard would gladly have seen the friar dashed to pieces at his feet, for he was now truly anxious to be rid of him. There was something horrible, too, in the idea of deliberately aiming at the life of the man who had that very morning saved his own. But all urged him on, and there was danger even to himself in hesitating; for would he not appear an accessory to the churchman's destruction? He raised the weapon, though with the full intention of firing wide of the mark; but, as he levelled it, the thought came strong upon him, that his whiff of the two he might, it would equally square with his own purposes; that the opportunity was such a one as never could occur again; and now—now they were in so exact a line, that one lucky ball might at once rid him of both! His finger moved—the report of the piece rang through the air—and Walter was seen to stagger and fall backward; while the friar, shaking himself from his grasp, stood, panting and trembling indeed, but erect and safe."

Three Years in Persia; with Travelling Adventures in Koordistan. By G. Fowler, Esq. 2 vols. 12mo. London, 1841. Colburn.

AFTER Malcolm, Ellis, Morier, and others, these are very sketchy pictures of Persia and Persian manners. The author seems to have roamed about, hither and thither; and has thrown his observations together without much attention either to dates, or circumstances, or localities. His adventures in Koordistan are wild and dangerous enough to excite curiosity; and the most useful portion of his work is the account of the late war between Russia and Persia, and a view of the political relations between the latter country and Great Britain.

Such being the character of the publication, we do not deem it requisite to say aught of Persian rulers, religious ceremonies, festivals, customs, &c., &c., but will content ourselves with a few miscellaneous extracts (the newest we can find) to indicate the style and nature of the book.

Speaking of affairs and punishments,* near Sulimania, Mr. Fowler relates:—

"At Kishlock, a small camp was formed of the Russian battalion under Samson Sarang, about 1200 troops in all; these being deserters from Russia, and long employed in the Persian service. The next morning the drum beat at an early hour for the march of the battalion on the way to join the prince's army in Khorrassan. I studiously avoided falling in with them, by delaying my march for some hours. The misery of encountering a military detachment in Persia may be likened to a visit of locusts,

* Among these inflictions the cutting out the tongue of the delinquent is common; and as we have had a good deal lately, both in France and England, about the cure of stammering, we might, perhaps, recommend the Persian method, as being, upon the whole, more humane and efficacious, than that of cutting off the rivula and tonsils, or taking wedges out of the tongue, as exhibited within these few weeks in London and Paris:—

"In regard to cutting out the tongue (says Mr. Fowler), it was stated to me by an English doctor, that if it be cleared out at the root, there is no impediment whatever to speech, but if a portion be left, it is fatal to all further articulation. Of the former I have had evidence, having heard a man who was tongueless talk with his accustomed rapidity."

Should this operation succeed, it will, at any rate, be preferable to the operations to which we have alluded; and though it must be rather inconvenient to be without a tongue for other purposes (were it only for licking the lips), we would advise Mr. Hunt, who cures stammering without cutting or maiming at all, to look to his laurels, when such a competition can be brought forward.—Ed. L. G.

and many are the villages devastated by the freebooters, who have unbridled license to help themselves to supplies. I have seen houses destroyed that they may take the wood for fuel, and falling into their track, I could scarcely procure here the necessary supplies of bread and water; and as to my resting-place, it was the brick-floored vault of an old caravansary, filled with vermin and filth. Quartering the troops in Persia means that all are to provide themselves as best suits them, and when they determine on occupying a house, they turn out the possessor; who, with his wives and family, may go into the streets. They seize or burn his furniture, and in reply to his appeals against this hard usage, he is consoled by either hearing that it is not to last long, or by having his heels turned up for the bastinado! At break of day I was in my saddle, and with my long train led the way to Sulimania. There is something of a lonely desolation which comes over the mind when travelling in this wild country, every feature of which is so peculiarly its own, with its ruined villages, rocky passes, and boundless plains, giving it all the appearance of savage life; the wild native starting up here and there, eyeing the Ferengie stranger with the struggling feeling of curiosity and cupidity, half inclined to pounce upon his prey, but checked by that confiding security which claims his hospitality and protection. Suddenly I found myself environed by a host of armed troopers. Besides the Russian battalion, there was the Tourkaman, the Koords, and the Eleauts of the different tribes. Their miscellaneous costumes and equipments beggar all description. Although they have nominally the royal pay, they must mount and equip themselves; hence that heterogeneous *matriel* of which a Persian army is composed. Almost all the population of Persia is armed; there is, therefore, no difficulty of outfit in this department. The king summons the chiefs of the tribes, who must appear at camp with their cohort ready to take the field. The Eleauts, and some others, pay no other tribute. Discipline is very severe under the immediate eye of the commandant, as I had once an opportunity of judging at the camp of Sardaha. The victim (a deserter) was brought up and judged, and orders immediately given for punishment. He was first beat over the mouth with a large stick by the faroshis, until his teeth were knocked in; then his beard was cut off,—a great disgrace in Persia. His hands were then tied behind, and his heels turned up for the bastinado; and most unmercifully were the sticks applied, and many broken. Not only the nails, but almost the toes were knocked off. The sticks not being deemed sufficiently strong, thongs were brought, and the bastinado renewed. On loosing his hands, his fingers were disabled. A rope was then tied around his body, and he was dragged over the rough stones to some distance up a mountain, and dreadfully lacerated. Here he was to remain for execution the next day. Presenting as bold a front as I could, I kept in the centre of these ruffian-looking troops, thinking that there was less chance of being robbed in the midst of them than by keeping in the rear. I was an object of the greatest interest, many probably never having seen a Ferengie stranger before. I soon recognised some of the Malesghird tribe, with their shields and lances, looking as fierce as when they threatened to take me a head shorter in their country. After about half-an-hour's ride in the midst of them, the heat and dust became intolerable; so I

suddenly went off into a neighbouring ravine, and bade adieu to the gallant troops of Abbas Meerza. Melting under the midday sun, and searching every corner of my saddle for a position of ease, I entered the lonely spot of Sulimania, watered and wooded to my heart's content. The outskirts shewed many crumbling walls and tumble-down buildings, which bespoke much of the spoil of time; and as I entered what was once a caravansary, I nauseated the wretched accommodation, and soon made my escape to the 'bauleh kaneh' of the entrance to the palace. As I lay stretched on my carpet, smoking my pipe of repose, a profusion of the finest apricots, grapes, and sundry fruits, was laid before me. I was soon invited into the palace, where a room had been cleaned out, and a carpet spread for my reception. The room was open to the garden, and it gave me a most luxurious rest. Such an elysium I fancied even 'The Thousand and One Nights' had never presented. The gardens were extensive, and the fruits of every sort so abundant, that the look of it served much to satiate all appetite. The palace had been built by Futtee Ali Shah, in honour of the birth of a son, Suliman, at this place; hence its name of Sulimania. In the 'deewan kaneh,' or grand reception-room, were full-length portraits of his majesty and family, including the young prince. I am always much amused at these displays of the Persian art; the stately rigidity of the monarch and the 'shah zadehs,' or princes, decked in their Oriental jewellery, has a most imposing effect. On the opposite wall was the eunuch Agha Mahommed Shah, and his courtiers, forming altogether the finest gallery of Persian paintings that I had seen. I have already alluded to the rigidity of posture and fixedness of muscle which so distinguish the arts in this country. I had never found any repose so agreeable at the time as that I enjoyed at Sulimania."

Another example of immediate justice (or injustice as the case might be) is thus given:—

"In this country executions are summary, as I once found at Tabreez. Complaint was made against a delinquent by a kham whom I well knew; he was immediately brought before the Ameer y Nizam (a man of extraordinary tenderness for a Persian), the inquiry was short, the sentence prompt. This was at noon; the muzzin singing out the 'azan,' or the call to prayer, the Ameer dropped on his knees; the culprit was brought up, and whilst the Prophet was being thus invoked the man was strangled. The Ameer went on with his prayers—the delinquent's head was rolling on the maiden—all in half-an-hour! But the Persians have their palladium of rights (if I may so say), amounting almost to an *habeas corpus*. These are the *busts*, or places of refuge, consisting principally of the stables of the king, and sometimes the mosques or shrines of holy men, at Koom, at Meshed, &c., which are deemed the most sacred asylums (particularly the former), and are regarded with superstitious reverence as sanctuaries. The delinquent sheltering himself in the stable of the king, even his majesty himself, who is 'equal to the sun, brother of the moon, and whose throne is the stirrup of heaven,' dares not intrude in the sanctuary; and he is even obliged to feed the culprit whilst he remains there. The slave who has murdered his master cannot be touched, and even in the open air he finds refuge at the head of the horse. The Moslems are chiefly resorted to by debtors, and I knew one at Tehran who had been living in

a mosque for nearly twelve months. It may be imagined that these sanctuaries are filled with refugees; but it was not so, nor do I remember more than one instance of a criminal taking the bust. The murderer may be slain the moment before or after he comes to the sanctuary, but when once there the absolute Shah of Iran could not touch him. These places of refuge are derived, I imagine, from the Mosaic dispensation, to which I trace so many of the Persian customs—the cities of refuge from the avenger, both for the children of Israel and for the stranger, and for the sojourners amongst them.* On the personal character of the sovereign depends almost entirely the weal or woe of his empire."

The following quotation tells us something of the manufactures at Tabreez:—

"Beyond these were workshops for the manufacture of fire-arms, brought to very respectable perfection by one of the Persian youths sent to England to acquaint himself with the art. So ingeniously had he copied a rifle of one of the London makers, that I was completely taken in by it. He had engraved the name in steel letters, and, Persian like, had sold some of them as 'London guns.' This he related to me with great glee, quite unabashed. 'Real London,' said he, 'although made at Tabreez.' The sabres also were pretty good, though not equal to those of Ispahan or Damascus, either for the excellency of the material, or for the delicacy of the workmanship. A good Ispahan blade, if well wielded, will, it is said, cut through a half-inch bar of iron, a bale of cotton, or a silk handkerchief thrown into the air; and this is by no means a Persian extravaganza. The Persians are great admirers of these missals, and nothing is so acceptable in the way of 'peishash,' or present, as a double-barrel Joe or a pair of hair-triggers. The other manufactures cannot be said to flourish much. Despotic governments are adverse to all improvements; for if profit be derived from them, they are sure to be taxed, and genius can never flourish where the invention meets no protection, and may be even attended with danger. The Persian who succeeds in amassing wealth unknown to the government, seeks posthumous fame by the building of caravansaries or baths, but quite unconnected with any patriotic feeling, or even for the good of mankind. The most prominent of the arts, and the one in which they so much excel, is that of enamelling; in which, in point of rich fancy of pattern and of execution, they exceed the Europeans. The exquisitely formed flower grows on the gold and silver 'kalleons' and thimbles with a grace most true to nature. Of jewellery I do not recollect much display in the bazars beyond that of the 'feruzas,' or tourquoises, of which the Persians are very proud; some stones being valued as high as one hundred tomanas. The most celebrated mine is at Nishapore, in Khorassan. There are others, but they yield a stone of a very inferior quality. The merchants may be deemed the most opulent and the most independent class in Persia. They are lightly taxed by the government, and less interfered with than others; and are so alive to their own interests, that they take care not to excite the cupidity of their rulers by any ostentatious display of wealth. Sordidness and avarice are their general characteristics, with a good deal of low cunning and caution; and so thirsty are they after gain, so over-reaching, and so shrewd in their dealings, that not a son of Israel can live amongst them. I believe I may say that Tabreez is the only city I was

ever in without meeting with a Jew. I heard of a few only at Tehran, though the tribes abound amongst the Turks, where they thrive most flourishingly. The merchants seal their bargains with their signet instead of with their signature; and the authenticity of these, and the being bound by them, depends entirely upon the seal. Hence the office of the seal-cutter is one of great importance and trust; for if he is known to make duplicates, his life would answer for the offence. The date must be cut on the seal. They are all registered; and if a seal be lost, public notice is given of it by the merchant to all his dealers. They engrave beautifully; indeed, with a perfection unknown to Europe. They abbreviate the Ferengge names by leaving out the vowels; whether in contempt or compliment, I do not know."

"We may follow this with a little commercial notice:—

"I could (says the author at the close of a paper on our relations already mentioned) add much to the prospective advantages of a direct commercial intercourse between Great Britain and Persia, did not our present political relations with that country completely nullify all such advantages; and there are other pursuits in Persia which would open a large field for British capital and enterprise. * * * The Persians have a strong predilection in favour of English manufactures; but the present political relations between Great Britain and Persia are inimical to all commercial relations, and the want of a treaty to protect British merchants and their property,—which it has been often attempted to establish, but which the Persians refuse, it is said, through the influence of Russia,—are circumstances which operate against a direct commerce between the two countries. But, looking forward to British supremacy in the Persian cabinet, I would say that such commerce might be established to the mutual advantage of both states. The minor points as to duties, protection and sympathetic interests must, of course, grow out of subsequent arrangements, to be built on a commercial treaty, the establishing of consuls, &c. Nor need I enter on the extreme caution requisite in dealing with a people, not only so sensitive to their own interests, but occasionally capable of commercial immorality. These are facts as notorious as the fervid sun that warms them; and their shrewd dealing is evinced, when I say that scarcely a Hebrew is to be found amongst them, and that even a Jew cannot live upon a Persian! I will now briefly shew what are the leading productions of Persia, on which a merchant might found his calculations of a barter trade. The principal produce of Persia is raw silk, which was first introduced into that country from China. The province of Ghilan alone is said to produce more cocoons than the whole of Italy together. But the imperfect mode of winding by the natives, upon wheels of too large diameter, giving it very little twist, and the thread being gutty and uneven, this silk in the European markets of England and of France is in great disrepute, and is sold at an inferior price, under the name of 'Persian silk.' But even at this low price, it is said to yield to the exporters a very large profit. By the introduction of European machinery and work-people, it is presumed that the greater part of these cocoons might be brought under the new system of winding. Indeed, from the information I have obtained in Georgia, it is clear that this might easily be accomplished. The actual amount of the silk produced in Persia must be extremely uncer-

tain, where no official returns can be consulted; the only data of calculation are the duties, which are principally farmed by individuals, and imposed arbitrarily. Including the province of Ghilan, and a part of Mazandaran only, I take a very moderate computation of fifty thousand pods, or two millions of pounds, annually. Of this, Russia used to take one thousand bales, or three hundred thousand pods; but now they take much less, since they consume their own produce. A large quantity finds its way to Constantinople, where it is mixed with the 'brusa' silk (to which it is very inferior), and exported largely to London and France. To India, also, partial exports are made, in return for colonial produce. I cannot guess as to the quantity in the latter case, having no data. From India it is sent to London, and sold at the Company's sales. The Georgian merchants take off a great quantity in barter for their goods. * * *

A magnificent enterprise might be established by introducing the European mode of winding silk in Persia. I have attentively observed the new plan adopted at Milan by an English house, and for which a patent has been obtained, called the 'croissee,' combining the winding and twisting the silk from the cocoons at the same time. The produce of Persia consists likewise of opium, saffron, rhubarb, yellow berries for dyeing, nutgalls, alum, arsenic, gum, cotton, rice, dried fruits, borax, hides, hare-skins, litharge, &c. &c. The Persians manufacture a few articles themselves, such as carpets and shawls, some of which are very magnificent. They make, likewise, some good silks, black lamb-skin caps, socks, &c. &c. A respectable powder-mill has been built about six miles from Tabreez, where they can produce from four to five hundred pounds of good powder daily. It was some time since attempted to introduce the manufacture of cloth in Persia. Mr. Armstrong, an Englishman, undertook it at the cost and request of Abbas Meerza. Fulling-mills were established at Khoie; and spinning, carding, and weaving machines, on the rudest principle, were made and put up at a small building a few hours distant from Tabreez. These I have seen, and the cloth likewise made on them, which was of the poorest description; though it may possibly answer in a small establishment of this description, if properly supported by capital and scientific industry, to the extent of clothing the prince's troops, and some of the lower orders of the people, for which the wool is peculiarly fitted. Until our indefinite nondescript abeyance state of relations with Persia are cancelled by friendly ties, commercial treaties, and active correspondence, this country offers no invitation to mercantile pursuits. It may then open a large field for direct imports of British manufactures, where Manchester industry and Liverpool activity may be exchanged for cashmere shawls, silk, and saffron; thus irrigating both soils with the riches of commercial enterprise."

As a contrast even to perspective pursuits connected with civilisation, we may cite a piece of Koordistan adventure:—

"Fortress of Maliz-Ghird, July 24.

"My dear G.—Our garrison has been again rather feverish; even the muleteers it is difficult to keep in order. They are weary of waiting here so long, and our new troops are getting tired of their duty. It is rather difficult at night to keep up the watches, and establish the necessary surveillance against the enemy. On Tuesday we had an accession of forces of 200 Armenians from another village; they all find

that there is no security out of the garrison. These Armenians are the most uncivilised of any I have seen. Their principal riches consist in their cattle, of which they seem to make a sort of domestic companion, washing them very carefully all over, morning and evening, with their hands. They have but little taste for agriculture, though this country offers the greatest encouragement for it. Here and there beautiful rich patches may be seen, where the slightest cultivation has produced abundant results. I have scarcely noticed any tree or shrub throughout the whole of Kooristan. The view around here is wild and broken; on one side a high mountainous barrier, and, on the other, a very wide branch of the Euphrates, over which is a fine old Armenian bridge, some parts of it scarcely passable. As I take my evening stand in our balcony, watching the setting sun, I trace its last rays merging in the crystal expanse, with a sort of melancholy feeling, whilst thinking of my friends in England, the immense distance which now divides me from them, and the probably long period that may elapse before I revisit Ferengistan. But twice with reflections; I am now busied with realities, and it is the part of wisdom to make the best of them. To mark to you the vigilance of one of our guards, on Tuesday evening he espied a suspicious-looking man outside the powder magazine; he fired at the man, and killed his dog. The man had a lantern with him, and he avowed afterwards that he meant to destroy us all, by blowing up the powder magazine. Having confessed this, he made his escape. On Wednesday, a Koorish spy made his appearance within our garrison, and I thought the Armenians would have torn him to pieces. He could give no good account of himself, and was consequently consigned to durance vile, to reflect on his temerity. But the fellow had the ingenuity to escape the next day. On Thursday, we received a message from our good friend the moolah, to say that we were to be attacked that night by 150 musqueteers and fifty horsemen, and he cautioned us to be on the *qui vive*. I wondered how Hadji Osman Millah Hussein had sprung up again in our neighbourhood, since he departed with Mahomed and Osman Agha. Then I learned that the latter had returned to Mouch, from whence he came, being a creature of the pasha of that place; but the moolah, belonging to some of the Koorish villages, had gone to his own tribes. His kindness hovered over us even at that distance, and we considered his message well worth attention; so we immediately set about examining the walls again, and filling up the breaches with huge stones, stopping the gaps of doorways, securing the gates by stone plantations within; in short, I cannot tell you half the devices employed in this my first practical lesson in the art of fortification, my previous knowledge being derived only from my Uncle Toby's siege of Dendermond, with his scarp and counter-scarp, &c. Fancy me from the balcony, with all the importance of my military duties, issuing my orders—

'Hang out our banners on the outward walls,
The cry is still—they come!'

However, we made good our defences as well as we could, set the men on the alert, doubled the watches, &c., and then looked out anxiously for the Koords. But of Koords came there none; so we considered ourselves now perfectly safe, and that they were afraid to attack us. Amongst other ingenious devices, the Khan ordered a wooden gun to be made; a most respectable piece of ordnance, I assure

you it was—a twenty-four pounder—which we kept at the gate in hostile array against all threatening intruders. This magnificent piece of ordnance would have attracted great attention even amongst the Park guns. It consisted of the trunk of a tree hollowed out, and swathed well in the horse's skin alluded to, and mounted on a carriage quite as rude; our shot was of great stones, and a most respectable report it made. The moment the horsemen were seen in the distance, the 'topchee' gave them a salute; it had a wonderful effect, even to scatter the redoubtable Koords: in this way it served us most essentially. The Khan's exertions are, in fact, indefatigable; and so curious are his expedients, that I would say no difficulties can conquer him. This is now the tenth day of our imprisonment, and we are getting uneasy at having no letter as yet from the Russian general at Ezroume. It is rather a tiresome life; 'hope deferred maketh the heart sick'; and though we spin out, as well as we can, the long and weary hours by the aid of our books, &c., yet it is sometimes rather difficult 'to feather the wings of time.' We have been ascertaining to-day, as nearly as possible, the total losses occasioned by this Agha plunderer, including small sums from the muleteers, our servants, their guns, our pistols, shawls, and a fine horse, which one of the robbers took a fancy to; and I find that they amount to a very serious sum—several thousands of piastres."

They were ultimately released by a Russian detachment, sent by General Paskevitch; and with this happy event we take our leave of Mr. Fowler.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The Life of Luther, by a Protestant. Pp. 84. (London, Longman and Co.)—The title-page of this brief life of the reformer, and the spirit of our age, sufficiently indicate its bearing. It is vehemently anti-Romish.

A Guide to Service, *The Coachman*. Pp. 88. (London, Knight.)—We recommend to the reading of all reading employers; and we are not sure but that those who employ such personages may be benefited by the reading.

Schoolbooks, *A New English Grammar*, &c., by Alexander Allen, Ph. D., and James Cornwell. Pp. 168. (London, Simpkin and Marshall.)—The latter gentleman being tutor of the normal school of the British and Foreign School Society, this grammar, with its exercises and systematic view of the formation of words, is, we presume, adapted for instruction there, and appears to be very suitable for the purpose.

Sermons on the First Principles of the Oracles of God, by H. E. Head, M.A. Rector of Feniton. 8vo. pp. 444. (London, Palmer and Son.)—These doctrinal sermons, twenty-four in number, upon a very important branch of Scripture, have reached a second edition,—a tribute justly due to the ability with which Mr. Head has handled his subject. He is also the author, we see, of religious tracts.

Exercise in Geography and Composition, &c., on an entirely New Plan, by Henry Hopkins (Birmingham). Pp. 228. (London, Simpkin and Co.; Birmingham, E. C. and W. Osborne.)—The plan is not 'entirely new,' but it is a good plan, and well suited for instruction.

The School Miscellany. Nos. I. II. (Hackney, Turner.)—Very little books of monthly issue, and not particularly well contrived for the avowed purpose of juvenile instruction.

The Practical Self-Teaching Grammar of the English Language, &c., by W. J. Summote, M.M.S. M.U.S. (what these letters stand for we don't know). Pp. 228. (London, Whittaker.)—The schoolmaster abroad; what need of self-teaching? Should there be any so far off that the schoolmaster cannot reach them, or they the schoolmaster, they will find this as good as the generality of grammars.

The Philosophy of Death, &c., by John Reid, Surgeon, Glasgow. Pp. 381. (London: Highley. Glasgow: Rutherglen, &c. &c.)—Mr. Reid shows us in how many different ways we may leave this transitory world; and the volume is curious, as containing a mass of medical statistics, and other facts and opinions collected from numerous authorities.

Flowers from the Holy Fathers. Pp. 300. (London: Dolman. Liverpool: Booker.)—A selection from the ancient theological and Christian writers, chiefly directed in favour of the Romish faith.

Etymopii Breviarium Historie Romane. Pp. 150. (London, Simpkin and Co.)—With a summary dictionary, and index of proper names, a very good edition of Eu-

tropius, whose facile and pleasant authorship has always recommended his history to school partialities.

Controversial Discussion between the Rev. J. Cumming, A.M. and D. French, Esq., &c. 8vo. pp. 678. (Exeter, P. and M. Andrews. London, Hall, Dolman, Jones, &c.) Alas! this is the age of controversy, and to little purpose, except to inflame and unsettle men's minds, and stir up their angry and injurious passions. The present is an authenticated report of some two months' dispute at Hamersmith between a Protestant clergyman and a Roman Catholic barrister; and to those, out of Hamersmith, who concern themselves with such debates the volume will furnish abundant matter.

Sir James Clark, Bart. M.D. &c. &c. on Climate. Pp. 377. (London, Murray.)—A third edition of Sir James Clark's able and useful treatise, and well worthy the consideration of invalids who wish to seek for health in change of air.

The Register of Parliamentary Contested Elections, compiled by H. S. Smyth. Pp. 168. (London, Simpkin, Marshall, and Co.)—At a time when we are threatened with a dissolution of Parliament, and at any rate when that event cannot be very far distant, this publication will be found very useful to lookers-out, candidates, agents, and electors.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

ROYAL GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY.

APRIL 26. The President, G. B. Greenough, Esq., in the chair.—1. The Secretary read an extract of a letter from Dr. Beke, dated Fahir, 14th January, communicated by Sir Thomas Dyke Acland. The writer says, "We have now been twenty-five days from Tajurah, and shall not reach Killalu, which is considered half way to Firi, until the day after to-morrow. After going south-west to Arabdera, which place is in 10° 52' north, we have ever since been journeying west, my last observation giving 10° 50', and I anticipate at Killalu it will not be less. I am with a caravan of 200 camels, laden with salt, from Lake Assal, with regard to which lake I have the following interesting fact to communicate. Lake Assal, like the Dead Sea, is very considerably below the level of the ocean. Water boiled at 213°, which would give about 760 feet depression. In confirmation of this result, I may state that the day after leaving the lake we ascended the Wady Kella, which has throughout its whole course a small current of water, the rippling of which was distinctly heard, thus shewing a considerable ascent, and yet at the end of four days' journey the thermometer shewed only 190 feet as the elevation of Allulli. The whole country from Tajurah to Lake Assal is volcanic, but beyond this there are no traces of any thing of the sort, the great mass of the mountain I am now passing being granite. The greatest elevation observed has been at Arabdera, 1342 feet; and probably the highest point which we had then passed may have been forty or fifty feet more. The kaïla from Ifat we expected to meet has just passed, it is much smaller than ours. It brings down about 150 boys and girls, principally the latter (slaves). Besides camels, the people ride down to the coast on mules, which they dispose of at Tajurah to great profit: I shall obtain all the particulars of this trade on my arrival at Ankoar. As soon as I can reduce my notes to order, I shall send home my route, with journal, &c. I have also collected a few specimens of the rocks as I came along.—2. Extract of a letter from Mr. Layard, dated Karak, Dec. 31st, 1840. Mr. Layard succeeded in reaching and examining the Baktyari Mountains with some minuteness. He left Ispahan in the middle of last September, in company with a Baktyari chief, and reached Kala Tul by a road through the mountains, having crossed the highest part of the great chain of Mungashit. On reaching Kala Tul, Mr. Layard's first expedition was to Manjanik, where, contrary to what Major Rawlinson had stated upon oral information of these ruins, he found no mounds of any con-

sequence. There are, indeed, the ruins of a city of some extent; but they resemble those of other Sassanian cities, and are, probably, of the same period. The Abi Zard, which flows in the midst of these ruins, unites with the Abi Allah, a very considerable stream, much larger than the Abi Zard, flowing from the mountains of the Kongeloh tribes, its source being near the Kala Allah. The united rivers, retaining the name of Abi Allah, flow through the plain of Rum Hormuz. The plain of Mel Amir contains ruins of two descriptions,—the ancient mound and the Sassanian ruins. There are also several cuneiform inscriptions in the neighbouring mountains. The Shekafi Salman, mentioned by Major Rawlinson, is to the west of Mel Amir, and not on the road to Susa. Adjoining the natural cave are four tablets with sculpture; and there formerly existed extensive cuneiform inscriptions, but are now all completely effaced except one, which Mr. Layard copied. The sculpture appears to be of very ancient date, and the character used in the inscriptions is very complicated. Two colossal figures appear to represent priests of the Magi: between them is a natural recess in the rock, which may have been the place of an altar. In the same plain, and on the road to Susa, are other sculptures and extensive inscriptions. The plain of Mel Amir is separated from the valley of the Karoon by a ridge of hills of considerable height. There are two roads to Susa, the distance being about fifteen or twenty miles. The neighbourhood of Susa is inhabited by the Dunarini tribe, notorious for their predatory habits; a proof of which was Mr. Layard being robbed of his watch, compass, and many other things of the greatest value to a traveller. At Susa there are scarcely any remains which would indicate the site of a large city; and those ruins which do exist are all on the northern bank of the river. A large city, however, did probably once exist there; though there are no mounds of any size, or columns, or even hewn stones or bricks: on either side of the river, which enters and leaves the valley of Susa by narrow and almost impassable gorges, there are the remains of ancient roads, and the river was formerly spanned by a bridge, four buttresses of which remain, and attest the stupendous nature of the building. The tomb of Daniel is neither of white marble nor are there any sacred fœch; it is comparatively a modern building of rough stones; it is held in much veneration, and is known by the name of Gebr Daniel Akbar, or the Greater Daniel, in contradistinction to the one at Shus. The river Karoon is here a fine broad stream, and remarkable throughout the country for the good quality of its water. "I hear," says Mr. Layard, "of another place called Susa, in the mountains to the north-east of the place I visited. There are here also, I am told, the ruins of a large city; and adjoining a very extraordinary work, a mountain is said to have been cut through to afford a passage for a considerable stream. This Susa is known as Susa Sir Anb, to distinguish it from the other place of the same name. I hope I shall be able to visit it." Mr. Layard adds that he had some idea of renouncing his journey through the south of Persia and the Seistan, and endeavouring to penetrate into the interior of Arabia by Buzra. Mr. Mitford parted from him some months before, and took the road to India, through Herât and the north.—3. Mr. Eyre's account of his journey northward, from the head of Spencer's Gulf, to penetrate into the interior of Australia, was then read. We

extract the following:—Mr. Eyre, on leaving Mount Arden, was forced by the nature of the ground to keep close under the continuation of Flinder's range; as the party advanced, the hills inclined considerably to the eastward, becoming gradually less elevated until, in latitude 29° 20' south, they ceased altogether, and were succeeded by a very low and level country, consisting of large stony plains, varied occasionally by sand, and having evidently been subject to recent and extensive inundations. These plains are destitute of water, grass, or timber; and their surface is quite smooth, with a few salsoleous plants growing on them. "I found," says Mr. Eyre, "that the whole of the low country round Flinder's range was completely surrounded by Lake Torrens, which, commencing not far from the head of Spencer's Gulf, takes a circuitous course of nearly 400 miles, with an apparent breadth of from twenty to thirty miles, following the sweep of Flinder's range, and almost encircling it in the form of a horseshoe. The bed of this vast lake is for the greater part dry; it consists of a soft mixture of sand and mud, the water being some miles from the outer margin. The water was, however, reached at a small arm of the lake near its most westerly part, and on being tasted was found to be as salt as that of the sea. The lake on its eastern and western sides is bounded by a high sandy ridge, with salsole and brushwood growing on it. The other shores, as far as could be judged of, presented the same appearance. On ascending Flinder's range, from which the views were very extensive and the opposite shores of the lake distinctly visible, no rise or hill of any kind could ever be perceived, either to the west, the north, or to the east; the whole region round appeared to be one vast, low, and dreary waste." Discovering that he was hemmed in on every side, Mr. Eyre had no other alternative but to conduct his party back to Mount Arden, and then decide what steps he should take to carry out the objects of the expedition. It was evident that, to avoid Lake Torrens, and the low desert by which it is surrounded, he must go very far either to the east or to the west before again attempting to penetrate to the north. After mature consideration, Mr. Eyre determined to cross over to Streaky Bay; to send from thence to Port Lincoln for supplies; and then follow the line of coast to the westward till he should meet a tract of country practicable to the north. In crossing from Mount Arden towards Port Lincoln, the party travelled generally through a low barren country, densely covered by brush, with here and there a few patches of grass, and some rocky elevations; in the latter they usually found water for themselves and their horses. They reached Port Lincoln on the 3d of October. No accident had happened on the journey but the loss of a horse. The party were in good health and spirits. It is expected the expedition will be absent upwards of five months. The Society were indebted for this communication to the kindness of the South Australia Colonisation Commissioners.—4. "Observations on the Indigenous Tribes of the North-west Coast of America," by Dr. Scouler. Of this paper we can do little more than give the leading features. The differences which distinguish the tribes inhabiting the shores and inlets of the coast, from those which wander over the plains of the Missouri, are chiefly due to the very different physical conditions in which they are placed. The climate on the western coast is moist and mild, and the winters there far more moderate than on the eastern side of the same continent. The loch-like inlets of the western

coast abound in fish, which furnish the chief supplies of the tribes inhabiting their border; they are therefore more sedentary than those who follow the buffalo on the east side of the Rocky Mountains, and whose habits are almost as unsettled as those of the buffaloes themselves, whose migrations produce alternations of abundance and starvation. The north-west Indians have made considerable progress in the rude arts of savage life; and from their more sedentary habits and more continuous labour, evince more aptitude for passing into an agricultural state. The tribes inhabiting the north-west coast may be divided into two groups,—the Insular and the Inland, or those which inhabit the islands and adjacent shores of the mainland, and who subsist almost entirely on fishing; and those which live in the interior and are partly hunters. The first group comprehends many tribes extending from the Columbia up to the polar regions, and may be divided into two families, the northern and the southern. The former of these are by far the best looking, most intelligent, and energetic people of the north-west coast. Their complexion, when they are washed, and free from paint, is as white as that of the people of the south of Europe. The women practise the deformity of wearing below the under lip an oval piece of wood, but the practice, so common among the southern tribes, of flattening the head, seems unknown to the north of Quadra and Vancouver's Island. They are remarkable for their ingenuity and practical skill in the construction of their houses, canoes, implements of war, and fishing. They construct drinking vessels, pipes, &c., of a soft argillaceous stone, and these objects are symmetrical in form, and elaborately decorated with intricate figures. One family of the Haidah tribe have settled at the extremity of Prince of Wales Archipelago; and having had more intercourse with the whites, they esteem themselves more civilised, and regard other tribes with contempt. They are fierce and daring, and keep up their warlike habits in time of peace by occasional broils among themselves. They were rich when the sea otter abounded, but are now poor. They fabricate most of the curiosities found upon the coast, but their staple article is the potato, which they sell in great quantities to the mainland. The numerous tribes of the islands and coasts from Queen Charlotte's Island to the sixtieth degree of north latitude, unquestionably belong to one northern family, as is proved by their physical and moral resemblance, and by their language, the vocabularies of which, as furnished by Mr. Tolmie, shew many words to be the same. The Chumeyans are from physical conformity, particularly from the shape of the skull, also referable to the northern family. The Nootka-Columbians differ considerably from the tribes farther north, and are distinguished by the flattened skull, an artificial deformity which prevails from lat. 53° 30' north, to lat. 46°. The custom, however, is not strictly universal; the chiefs and freemen alone being permitted to disfigure the heads of their children. The Nootka-Columbians differ considerably from the tribes farther north. Dr. Scouler then enters into an examination of the various tribes and families, deducing their connexion from their languages,—a philological discussion which, to be understood, should be given entire, which we cannot here do. It appears that the languages spoken on the north-west coast, from the arctic circle to the Umpqua river, in lat. 46°, are all inti-

mately related; and if they be not modifications of a single primary tongue, "we cannot find," says Dr. Scouler, "any evidences of more than two distinct languages, which have been mixed together in every imaginable proportion." From philological deductions, then, it appears probable that the migrations of the Indians of the north-west coast have been from north-west to south-east, and that they have gradually made their way into the interior, by ascending the rivers in their canoes, and have mingled with the inland tribes, whose language differs from theirs. This hypothesis is grounded on many plausible considerations. To this paper were appended the vocabularies of the several languages furnished by Mr. Tolmie, on whose accuracy the fullest reliance may be placed. The lists of words from the Indians of California were supplied to Dr. Scouler by Dr. Coulter, who has resided several years in that part of America.

BOTANICAL SOCIETY.

FRIDAY, May 7th. Mr. J. E. Gray, President, in the chair.—Donations to the library of several valuable works on botanical subjects were announced; the number of volumes were about forty.—Read, a paper by Dr. Lhotsky, 'On the Characters, Botanical and General, of the Great Plains of New South Wales.' The eastern slopes and outskirts of the Australian Alps are, in a great measure, composed of extensive plains, some of which are eight miles in extent. No tree grows on them. And they are composed of a more or less fertile alluvial soil, in some places several feet deep. Their aspect varies exceedingly in different seasons. In October and November (the spring of the southern hemisphere), they present a most cheering and pleasing appearance, which last, with certain gradations, until February or March, by which time their vegetation becomes dried up and scorched, and then the aspect is most repulsive and barren. It is now, however, that they are visited by the *Emus* (*Casuarinus Nova Hollandie*), which feed on the seeds then ripe. The dried-up herbage is set fire to by the colonists to improve the vegetation of the succeeding season. The paper contained a description of both the geological and botanical characteristics of these plains, and of other of their peculiarities, as well as of those of the surrounding country, and concluded with the remark that (as far as it is even known up to the present moment), in these plains there are "a thousand square miles of land which require no preparation, save that of the plough, for becoming most fertile and productive."—Read, also, 'Notes on an Excursion to Addington Hills and Keston Mark, made in the last week of April by Messrs. Holman and Sansom,' from which it appears that the visit of any botanist to these places, easily reached by the Croydon Railway, would be amply repaid by the variety of species to be found in, and by the beauty of the scenery of, these localities.—After the reading of a translation by the Curator, of an 'Extrait from the *Dictionnaire Raisonné* et *Universel d'Agriculture*,' 'On *Arachis Hypogaea* (*Pistache de terre*),' the meeting adjourned.

ELECTRICAL SOCIETY.

TUESDAY, May 18.—Amongst the donations announced was the second edition of "Electrotype Manipulation," presented by the author. The rapid sale of this little work shews the popularity of the novel art, and confirms our favourable opinion expressed in a recent number. The papers read were 'An Account of

Experiments Undertaken to Investigate the Nature of the Change of Colour of Bodies by Heat, and their Conducting Power,' by Mr. Pollock (the first part of this had been read at the previous meeting); 'On the Connexion between Electricity and Vegetation,' by Mr. Pine; and, 'On the Construction of Generating Cells for the Electrotyping Process, and General Observations on the Application of the Principles of the Art,' by Mr. C. P. Walker, Hon. Sec.

ROYAL INSTITUTION.

FRIDAY, 14th May.—The Rev. John Barlow, 'On the Use of Physiology in Elucidating Intellectual Science.' A knowledge of organisation and its resultant actions leads to the conviction of an existence independent of material arrangement; and the more the higher attributes of man are considered, the more certain appears his relation to the perfect and universal. Instinctive emotions proceed from sensation alone; and, however they appear to approach to independent will, are the mere effects of direct impressions on the nervous system affecting animal functions: whereas similar impressions in a being endowed with a controlling power, act not instantaneously, but are examined, and the consequence considered, ere the mandate for action goes forth. These constitute the difference between the sentient and intelligent creature, and were in their many resemblances and contrasts ably and eloquently discussed by Mr. Barlow. The line he drew between them, expressed in his own terms, was distinct, and rested on functions causing or not causing change. They were separated into two classes, as follow:—

- 1.—Functions sharing in, or causing bodily change.
 1. Appetites and functions appertaining to life—sympathetic system.
 2. Instinctive emotions—nerves of sense.
 3. Faculties—hemispheres of brain.
- II.—Functions neither sharing in, nor causing bodily change.
 1. Individual consciousness—including that memory which this requires.
 2. Intelligent will.

The physiological construction of the nerves, of the ganglia, of the hemispheres and substance of the brain the controlling apparatus, the effects of disease thereon, and the existence of independent will, shewn by the impotence of the paralytic individual when his limbs and organs fail in their offices, and by the consciousness and regrets frequently evidenced in the insane, were well described. And also, and happily, the actions of human beings rising superior to the laws of nature, the first of which tends, and strongly, to the preservation of life. The captain remains on his sinking vessel, refusing to enter the boat which conveys his passengers and crew to land. The wife or daughter watcheth over the last stage of existence, pale and exhausted—she sleeps not—rests not. The astronomer, also, sleeps not, but carries on observations, the result of which may not be obtained before he is in his grave. What, then, is the spring thereof? Hopes beyond the present world: and the cause of action lies not in the bones nor in the nerves, nor yet in the brain. Exercise, however, induces strength, and the more the organ of the mind is developed by education, not the mere storing up the thoughts of others, but the acquisition of raw material to be worked up in that mysterious laboratory—the human intellect, the more powerful will be the spring to overcome the weaknesses of human nature, and to strive for immortality by the endeavour to attain to perfect knowledge, and to practise pure benevolence. Somewhat of the nature,

though little of the *con amore* style and eloquence, of Mr. Barlow's address, may be gleaned from the foregoing sketch.

STATISTICAL SOCIETY.

SIR C. LEMON in the chair.—Several fellows were elected, and various communications read: viz., 'On the Effects of the Metropolitan Police Act closing Public-houses on the Sabbath Morning,' by Mr. Rawson. The effect of this enactment in diminishing the prevalence of tippling, and consequently of drunkenness, on the Sabbath, is shewn, by the author's statements, to be most signal, and will afford great satisfaction to those who desire the Sabbath to be to all, as it was intended, a day of rest and edification, instead of a day of worldly excitement or of brutal excess. The total number of drunken persons apprehended on Sunday during the first five months of 1840 was 1328; and in the first five months of 1838–39, taking the average of the two years, 2301; so that the total decrease in 1840 was 981, or 42 per cent. This diminution is gradual throughout the whole district, but it varies in the different divisions. In six out of the seventeen divisions, it does not amount to 20 per cent; thus in Camberwell, it is only 2 per cent; and in Stepney, 8 per cent. In three it is between 20 and 40 per cent; and in the remaining eight divisions it is 40. The most marked decrease is in the divisions situated in the centre of the metropolis; in the Holborn division it is 48 per cent; in the Covent Garden, 52; and in the St. James's, 79 per cent! That this result is the consequence of the closing of public-houses on the early part of the Sunday, and not any general increase of temperate habits among the class of persons frequenting these houses, is borne out by tables referred to by Mr. Rawson; for while there were 981 persons less apprehended on the Sunday during the five months of 1840, 276 more were apprehended on the other days, which increase is equal to 3.76 per cent. The total decrease, therefore, throughout the week, is thus reduced to 7 per cent; the great decrease on the one day being counterbalanced by the small increase on six days.—Another paper communicated, referred to the number of railways, their extent, &c. throughout the United Kingdom. The total length of all the railways is about 2190 miles; and there are seventy-one lines.—Another paper, 'On the Penny Postage System,' by Mr. Rowland Hill, was likewise read. Notwithstanding the increased letter-writing, the paper duties have fallen off tremendously.

ORNITHOLOGICAL SOCIETY OF LONDON.

MAY 17.—The Society held their first meeting at the College, recently erected in St. James's Park; the President, his grace the Duke of Buccleuch, in the chair.—Members were elected; a vote of thanks was passed to Lord Grey, Professor Lindley, and Captain Mangles, for their donations to the Society. The Honorary Secretary reported considerable additions to the collection of birds on the lake, and that several noblemen and gentlemen, who felt an interest in the prosperity of the Society, had most liberally promised donations.

PARIS LETTER.

May 18, 1841.

Academy of Sciences. Sitting of May 10.—M. Cordier made a report 'On the Geological Collection brought home by M. Robert from Spitzbergen and Lapland, and now deposited

in the Museum of the Garden of Plants.' M. Robert was opinion that the striae remarked on the Spitzbergen rocks were not due to the action of glaciers, but rather to that of oceanic currents. He had observed that these striae were all in the direction of the strike of the strata, and their depth varied with the hardness or softness of the stratum in which they were. They were all trending north and south. As for the erratic blocks observed there, he attributed their presence to the action of floating ice-fields. The collections are some of the most valuable received by the Museum for a long time.

M. F. Kuhlmann read an interesting paper 'On the Composition of Hydraulic and other Kinds of Cement.' He had observed that all cements contained a certain quantity of potash; and this had led him to a series of experiments on the composition of cements of various kinds. He had operated with lime both in the dry and the wet state, and had succeeded in producing hydraulic mortar at a very low cost, by adding sulphate of aluminum, or alum, to lime or chalk, something after the English plan of calcining plaster with alum. He had also observed that on putting chalk, even in a cold state, in contact with a solution of alkaline silicates, a part of the chalk became transformed into silicate of lime, a proportional quantity of the potash passing into the state of carbonate of potash. If chalk in powder was thus partially transformed into silicate of lime, the substance resulting from it became harder and harder by exposure to the air, and was harder than the best hydraulic cement: it even formed a kind of artificial stone, admirably adapted to purposes of ornamentation for public buildings, &c. He found that if the chalk be mixed into a kind of paste, not too wet, and then exposed to the action of the alkaline silicate, the siliceous was absorbed in a proportion that might be regulated at pleasure. The chalk then assumed a smooth appearance, became heavier, close-grained, and, more or less, yellow. This would be the case whether the immersion was made in a hot or cold state; and a few days of subsequent exposure to the air sufficed to transform the chalk into a siliceous-calcareous stone, sufficiently hard to scratch marble, and increasing in hardness every day. From three to four per cent of siliceous, thus absorbed, made the chalk very hard, and capable of receiving a fine polish; the hardness gradually extending to the centre of the slab, even when of considerable thickness. He had applied such stones to lithographic purposes, and had found the hardened stone of great value for building. He had extended his experiments to carbonate of barites, strontian, magnesia, and lead; and had obtained analogous results. Thus ceruse, when mixed with a solution of silicate of potash, gave a very hard and polishable substance. Silicates mixed in this manner with plaster were of great effect. M. Kuhlmann pointed out that similar operations appeared to have taken place in the formation of silicate of lime so often found in zoological formations of the chalk series. A commission was named by the Academy to report on the memoir.

M. Becquerel presented some remarkable daguerreotypic impressions of clouds, obtained with red rays, by only half a second's exposure in the camera obscura.—M. Arago presented to the Academy one of Dent's chronometer springs, gilt by the galvanic process; and stated that M. Perrot, chronometer-maker of Rouen, was now engaged on a method of gilding all the works of a watch by the same

method, while the works should be still in motion.

M. Cauchy corrected a statement, made some time ago, that Abel, the Swedish mathematician, had died in distress. He had learned, from Stockholm, that this was far from being the case.

Signor Bartolomeo Gamba, the philologist and biographical writer, died suddenly at Venice, a short time ago, while delivering a lecture in the Athenæum.

A bronze medal of large form has been struck by the King of Sardinia, to commemorate the meeting of the Italian Scientific Congress, at Turin, last year. On the obverse is a figure of Minerva, seated, with a terrestrial globe in one hand, and a planisphere in the other, and the legend

MINERVA PATRICE.

On the reverse is the inscription:—

ATQVE
IL RE CARLO ALBERTO
CONGRESSO
DEGLI SCIENZIATI ITALIANI
IN TORINO
NEL SETTEMBRE
MDCCCLX.

In this age of the romance of history, works more or less illustrative of the manners and society of former days are constantly dressed up by the imagination of their authors, and launched into the world. Of such a character is "Louis XI. et le Plessis-les-Tours," by M. Lounyrette. It has, however, this merit, that it deviates very little from the sober truth of authentic chronicles, and lays before the reader an interesting *résumé* of the life of that subtle and cruel king. It is a provincial production, and has just been published at Tours.

LITERARY AND LEARNED.

UNIVERSITY INTELLIGENCE.

OXFORD, May 13th.—The Rev. J. R. Shurlock, M.A. of Queen's College, Cambridge, was admitted *ad eundem*.

The following degrees were conferred:—

Doctor in Civil Law.—H. I. Nicholl, St. John's College, Grand Compounder.

Bachelors in Divinity.—J. W. Hatherell, Brasenose College, Grand Compounder; E. A. Dayman, Fellow of Exeter College; J. F. Crouch, Fellow of C. C. College.

Bachelor in Civil Law, by Commutation.—W. E. Surtees, University College.

Bachelors of Arts.—G. R. Brown, Student, H. W. Freeland, Christ Church; R. L. Jones Parry, Jesus College; Rev. G. W. Southouse, Oriel College; T. D. Andrews, Scholar of C. C. College; Rev. W. M. Cosser, Trinity College.

Bachelors of Arts.—L. Pack, Balliol College, Grand Compounder; R. N. Buckmaster, J. H. Wynne, E. Tuttle, Christ Church; J. Mason, Queen's College; T. Green, Scholar, J. Penrice, E. Pigot, Brasenose College; J. D. E. Jenkins, Jesus College; T. C. Griffith, T. P. Tufnell, Wadham College; A. G. Woodward, Magdalen College; J. Pitt, O. Smith, Oriel College; A. J. Lowth, Scholar, G. B. Northcote, Exeter College; R. Underwood, St. John's College; J. A. Eldridge, Worcester College; F. Watt, University College; A. Donovan, H. Churchill, C. E. Thomson, Trinity College.

CAMBRIDGE, May 12th.—The following degrees were conferred:—

Doctor in the Civil Law.—H. P. Wyatt, Fellow of Trinity Hall.

Masters of Arts.—W. N. Nicholson, T. G. Wilmer, G. Waring, Trinity College; W. A. Smith, St. John's College.

Bachelors of Arts.—W. F. Wits, King's College; J. K. Tucker, St. Peter's College; C. Phillips, J. Cockle, Trinity College; W. Headley, C. C. College.

SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES.

MR. HUDSON GURNEY, V.P. in the chair.—Mr. Dukes, of Shrewsbury, presented a MS. History of Uriconium.—Major Edward Moore exhibited an ancient key found at Framlingham Castle, Suffolk; also a brass seal, and a metal purse frame.—Sir Henry Ellis communicated an account of a small book preserved in the British Museum, being a treatise on the Russian government, by Dr. Giles Fletcher, and

dedicated to Queen Elizabeth, containing some strictures and comparisons with the English government; which alarmed the English merchants trading to Russia, who feared the book would give offence and ruin their trade, and they petitioned the Queen that the book should be suppressed, which was accordingly done. A report was read from the English ambassador sent out shortly after, stating the results of his mission, and complaining of the cold and almost offensive manner in which he had been treated in Russia.

LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

Monday.—Linnean (Anniversary), 1 P.M.; Geographical (Anniversary), 1 P.M.

Tuesday.—Medical and Chirurgical, 8 P.M.; Civil Engineers, 8 P.M.; Zoological, 8 P.M.; Botanic, 8 P.M.; United Service Institution, 3 P.M.

Wednesday.—Society of Arts, 7 P.M.

Thursday.—Royal, 8 P.M.; Antiquaries, 8 P.M.; Royal Society of Literature, 4 P.M.

Friday.—Royal Institution, 8 P.M.

Saturday.—Mathematical, 8 P.M.

FINE ARTS.

ROYAL ACADEMY.

[Third notice.]

65. *The Boy with many Friends*, 263, 271. *The Froven and The Joke*. T. Webster, A.—Very clever representations of school scenes, the subjects of the two latter taken from Oliver Goldsmith. Mr. Webster is singularly successful in giving all the varieties of the urchin character,—greediness, fear, affected pleasure, study, stolidity, &c. &c. His figures are worthy of Flamingo, but with all the nature and expression of common English childhood. They are carefully painted, occasionally reminding us of Mulready, and more perfect little dramas in their way than ever De Genlis told.

77. A small, well-executed, and brilliantly coloured *Portrait of a Lady*, by T. M. Joy. 152. *Response to the First Serenade*, is a pleasing piece by the same; but his greatest effort is 265. *The Wreck of the Forfar Steamer, from Sketches and Portraits taken on the Spot*. This interesting picture represents Grace Darling and her father laying off in their boat, which they had pulled to the rescue of the unfortunate passengers; and the wild and desperate group on shore are frantically rushing towards the water, or imploring aid by looks and gestures of agony and despair. The lurid distance is in good keeping with the sad scene on the foreground, and the whole reflects honour on the feeling and ability of the artist.

106. *The Two Disciples at Emmaus*. W. Collins, R.A.—This is not in Mr. Collins's usual style, but a small sacred subject firmly and beautifully painted. The two disciples are seated at a table, and there is a fine rich landscape in the distance. Their heads are full of force and gravity, and the composition altogether simple, dignified, and effective. Mr. Collins has several other fine works in the Gallery, chiefly Italian; such as *Neapolitan Lazaroni*, *Views of Ischia*, &c. &c.

74. *Portrait of W. H. Ashurst, Esq.* H. P. Briggs, R.A.—A whole-length, painted with great truth, in a low tone of colour, befitting the plainness of a chairman in the quarter-sessions. 96. *The Rev. R. Jenkins, D.D.*; 125. *Miss Milman*; 209. *Lord Somers*; and 394. *Sir George Cayley*, afford other proofs of the industry and skill of Mr. Briggs in the vocation of portraiture, in which his name stands so deservedly high.

130. A good military *Portrait of Sir James Kempt*, by R. M'Innes; and 571. *A View of Venice*, by the same, shewing very considerable talent, also, in this different line of art.

166. *Lear and Cordelia in Prison.* T. Uwins, R.A.—The dead Cordelia is lying in the arms of her wretched and distracted father, who, with a feather held towards her mouth, is trying the last test of paternal despair. The idea is finely treated, and the contrast between the two persons touching; but we think there is a little hardness in the countenance of Lear, which scarcely conveys the meaning of the poet.

208. *The Pet of the Village.* By the Same.—And well may the jolly tambouriniste be so! She reminds us of a fine and sunny fresco.

291. *The Bay of Naples*, a sweet thing; and 622, another of *Children Returning from a Festa*, are equally characteristic of the artist's choice of subject and manner.

172. *Hebrew Exiles.* H. Howard, R.A.—A finely-composed and classical-looking company of the children of Israel, mourning under the willows by the rivers of Babylon. It is Mr. Howard's *chef-d'œuvre* this year. We have also two portraits by him: must every body paint portraits now?

287. *Sir Roger de Coverley's Courtship.* R. Redgrave, A.—Treated in an amusing manner. The bashful confusion of the worthy baronet is well portrayed, though he looks of the youngest. The two ladies are malicious enough.

140. *Lady Powerscourt and Son, and Lady Barham.* 301. *The Lady Katherine Jernyn.* F. Grant.—These, and another portrait, are excellent examples of Mr. Grant's successful pencil; but his crowning effort is, 492. *Party at Ranton Abbey, the Shooting-lodge of the Earl of Lichfield*, and a very fine sporting piece, not only painted in a high style of art, but with a true sportsman's spirit and feeling. The likenesses of Lord Sefton, Lord Uxbridge, Lord Melbourne, Lord Anson, Lord Lichfield himself, impart much individual interest to the canvass; whilst the force and beauty wrought into it by the picturesque disposition of the keepers, horses, game, and all the accessories, make it yet more valuable as a work of art.

313. *Hunt-the-Slipper at Neighbour Flamborough's.* D. Maclise, R.A.—Never was a story better told. The glowing charms of the worthy vicar's daughters, and the romping character of the scene, are infinitely rich and spirited. But here we must pause upon the colouring: it is too metallic; and an extravagance into which Mr. Maclise has shewn us, in the other room, he need not fall unless he chooses. We would take a brush of brown glaze to sweep over it, only that we should be afraid of injuring those features which are so delightful in other parts. There is no end to the fertile fancy and exuberant imagination of this poetical artist.

417. *Near Castel-à-Mare, Bay of Naples.* C. Stanfield, R.A.—We have come round to another of Stanfield's truly charming productions. No matter where or how they are seen: in the midst of gildings and glare, or in the soft quietude of the studio or chamber, they are alike the grace and ornament of the place. There are truth, nature, and power, be it in storm or calm; in the one case a vigour which expounds the raging sea in all its forms of terror, in the other a repose which lulls the mind to peace and harmony. He is, indeed, the painter of this element, and of all that abides by or moves upon it.

428. *Celestial City and River of Bliss.* J. Martin.—Mr. Martin has, we think, cause to complain that his productions this year have been

denied positions to which his fame and their merits entitle them. This is one of his gorgeous imaginings. 570. *Pandemonium*, is a striking contrast of a like supernatural order; but we have also several native landscapes from the same hand, the particulars of which may be ascertained when they can be fitly seen.

429. *Mary, Queen of Scots, Returning from the Chase, &c.* 1562. W. Simson.—A gay and gallant cavalcade, conceived with chivalrous sentiment, and painted with a bold touch. The historical characters are represented from old pictures, and their costume is carefully studied. The rough gillies and fictitious personages shew invention and spirit, and, together with the red deer, dogs, &c., form altogether a scene worthy of the occasion and the period. Mr. Simson has aimed high in his profession, and he has not failed.

466. *The Sculptor's Triumph when his Statue of Venus is about to be placed in her Temple.*—A Morning at Rhodes. F. Danby, A.—The Morning at Rhodes is a glowing Claude-like sunrise, the atmosphere at once dazzling and misty. In the foreground is a grand procession bearing the statue of Beauty to its fane, and in the distance is the wonder of the world, the far-famed Colossus. We are not sure that our criticism is right, or what would be the real effect of this light and perspective; but it does appear to us that the figure is too phantasmic and shadowy, and that the same remark applies to some of the noble architectural features with which Mr. Danby has enriched his beautiful picture.

507. *The Stolen Interview of Charles I., when Prince of Wales, with the Infanta of Spain.* F. Stone.—No one treats this class of historico-romantic subject with greater taste than Mr. Stone. To the truth of history he superadds the fancy belonging to the incident, and gives us so actual an embodiment of that incident that we cannot but suppose the parties engaged in it to have dressed, looked, and acted just as it has pleased him to make them. In the present instance he has chosen a pleasing and interesting theme, and he has painted it in an equally pleasing and interesting manner.

510. *The Queen, &c. in Windsor Park.* R. B. Davis.—A noble collection of royal and noble portraits, to which, however, we did justice when exhibited for private view.

PICTURE SALES.

AT Lady Stuart's sale, on Saturday, the following were the prices of some of the paintings noticed in our last, and which very clearly sustained the opinion we ventured to express of their relative merits. The Murillo, No. 50, "Boy with Bird's Nest," 105*l.*; the Brill and Caracci, "Senport," No. 51, 73*l.* 10*s.* (a smaller price than we expected); No. 55, Rembrandt Portrait, 157*l.* 10*s.*; No. 57, the Morland, 220*l.* 10*s.*; No. 58, one of the Vanderveles, 619*l.* 10*s.*, and the other, No. 77, 117*l.* 10*s.*; No. 59, Backhuysens, 446*l.* 5*s.*, and No. 76, 462*l.*; No. 60, the Rubens Landscape, 304*l.* 10*s.*; No. 61, the Karel du Jardin, 430*l.* 10*s.*; No. 62, Pynacker, a sweet little specimen, 189*l.*; the two Rubens Portraits, 483*l.*, and 430*l.* 10*s.*, and to different possessors: the Melchizedek sketch, 598*l.* 10*s.*; No. 67, Teniers, 225*l.* 15*s.*; No. 71, Wouvermans, 409*l.* 10*s.*; the two translucent Cuyps, 1102*l.* 10*s.*, and 1522*l.* 10*s.* (these were, we believe, originally a single long picture); No. 43, "Dutch Dairy Farm," by Omegank, 120*l.* 15*s.*, which shews that this artist is rising in value;

No. 79, Claude, 640*l.* 10*s.*; and No. 80, the Rubens "Meleager," 997*l.* 10*s.*

And this day Messrs. Christie and Manson follow up this brilliant sale, which brought 13,500*l.*, with another of Mr. Hamlet's collection, 92 in number. Among these are some curious and some fine paintings; though others will not support the names attached to them. There are several good Canaletti, several Rubens Spanish portraits, "The Finding of Moses," a capital example of Tiepolo; a Grisaille design, by Piazzetta, a fine composition, and another of the same rather rare class, by Tiepolo; a good Vernet landscape; pretty Waterloos; Old Von Eyck; Holbein; Viviani, and other interesting works.

MUSIC.

CRIVELLI'S ART OF SINGING.

It is remarkable that no attempt worthy of the name has hitherto been made to embody in a permanent form those principles which constitute the basis upon which vocal harmony, the most sublime as well as the most pleasing branch of the science of music, rests. There are many modern names, of the highest value in the estimation of the scientific amateur, attached to works of tuition for the cultivation and perfection of the voice, which contain little more than *scales* and *solfeggi*, and other exercises, but which do not assist a beginner to a knowledge of the quality of his voice—the proper method of study, or those other minutiae which, in the early stages of the art, are so essential to the pupil. With the exception of a few generalisms prefixed to the voluminous work of Winter, the published systems of vocal science contain no preliminary instructions to guide a learner in his endeavours to acquire a proper intonation, mode of utterance, accent, or the other primary details and qualifications of the art. Indeed, it would seem, from the universal silence which the professors have preserved upon this point, as if they had resolved, with common accord, to sanction no statute law, but had reserved to themselves the power of giving oral rules, from time to time, so as to accommodate the practice of the art to the fashion of the day. This defect, as we conceive, in past works of vocal tuition, disappears in the one which forms the subject of this notice. Signor Crivelli has long been known in this country as one of the ablest amongst the many professors of vocal music of high talent who adorn this branch of the arts; his name may be said, indeed, to have attained to a European celebrity wholly apart from the fame which attended the theatrical career of that distinguished artist, his father. The announcement of a work by him on the art of singing, therefore, excited in the musical world at large a considerable degree of curiosity and expectation, which has been amply gratified and fulfilled by the volume before us. Taken as a whole, Signor Crivelli's work is incomparably the most elaborate as well as the most comprehensive that has ever yet been published on this subject. The means for enabling the merest tyro to ascertain the compass of his voice, and to test its quality, together with other important preliminary matters, connected with the mental comfort of the student, are minutely and most perspicuously set forth, and a *précis* is given of the principles of the art of vocal harmony.

The following selections from the introductory matter will afford a general idea of the work, and serve to shew the mode of communicating his knowledge which has been adopted by Signor Crivelli. He observes:—

"It is generally supposed, that the knowledge of the theory and practice of music alone will be sufficient to enable any one to teach singing; but the abstract knowledge of music has little or nothing to do with the art of singing. To cultivate the human voice to the greatest advantage, it is necessary to study the physical construction of the vocal organ, and to examine accurately its position in the throat, so as to be able to understand its action in producing the sounds, which is the cause of the various qualities of voice and their different powers of flexibility.

"When, therefore (continues the professor), the instruction is undertaken without understanding the physical principles of the art, instead of developing the voice, it only undermines and gradually weakens the natural powers; for the more the organ is forced or ill-directed, the more the muscles of which it is composed relax and become inactive, the sounds become harsh and unequal, and the power of modulation, and, in some cases, even the voice itself, is entirely lost; and the singer, although possessing great natural talents, and producing at times extraordinary effects, is compelled to stop short in his career, and all his prospects of fame and fortune vanish like a dream. As a proof of this, let any person call to mind the number of artists of both sexes who, within the space of a few years, have appeared before the public with every hope and apparent probability of success, of whom there scarcely remains an instance of one who has retained the natural powers of the voice to the prime, still less to any advanced period of life."

Again:—

"Many persons imagine that the chief qualification for a singer is the possession of a fine voice: if this were so, how does it happen that among the infinite number of artists possessing fine voices, so few arrive at any eminence or celebrity? The artist who aspires to eminence must, even with an organ perfectly formed, cultivate his intellectual faculties; and there are many who have attained to great celebrity more through the exercise of their intellectual and reflective powers, than either their knowledge of music or the possession of a fine organ."

Signor Crivelli next proceeds to illustrate these admirable precepts by reminiscences of Italian artists who have, in times past, adorned the boards of the Royal Theatre. We refer to them as being well worthy of attention, and as affording an insight into the great advantages which may be derived from a proper course of study and practice, by which artists whose organs have been of a very inferior capacity have rivalled and excelled others whose natural endowments have been of the highest order. Amongst the latter, Catalani, whose superb voice is yet fresh in the memory of the musical world, was an eminent example; whilst among those artists whose taste and intellectual acquirements enabled them to overcome the imperfections of nature, Velluti and Pasta are equally celebrated.

After commenting on the different systems of tuition in vogue amongst the professors of vocal harmony, and on their inattention to the physical construction of the vocal organ, Signor Crivelli remarks:—

"My studies have been chiefly directed to the physical analysis of the organ itself, and to the action and capacity of the lungs; and the practical application of this knowledge is the foundation on which my principles are based; and these will not only form the voice, but, by experience, I have found that the practice of

them affords the only probable means of restoring the qualities of those voices that have been strained or weakened by injudicious treatment."

The soundness of these maxims, now they are for the first time set forth in a decided manner, no one will dispute: they are the leading features of the method of teaching which has gained for Signor Crivelli so high and so well-merited a reputation, and by which he has been enabled, in more cases than one, to restore to their profession artists who, by a misdirection and misuse of their powers, had been thrown completely into the shade. In the last paragraph of the prefatory observations we find the following just remarks on the proper mode of study for the stage:—

"Before I conclude these observations I may here notice a common prejudice, namely, that of cultivating the voice for any particular style of singing. The style of music best adapted for any one depends altogether on the quality of the voice, as the different natural qualities have different powers; some for *canto di portamento*, others for brilliancy and execution; and the artist, whatever may be his powers, must confine himself, if he wishes to succeed, to that style of music for which his voice is best adapted. And as the acquisition of any science cannot be obtained without great mental application, so it is with those who dedicate themselves to singing, and wish to excel; and it is to the neglect of this mental application that so few ever rise beyond mediocrity, the greater part contenting themselves with blindly imitating those who have a reputation, and generally end by displaying, in caricature, only the defects of those whom they have proposed to themselves as models."

The work then enters into a regular gradation of inquiry and instruction, commencing with a description, at once concise and discriminative, of the different qualities of voice; to which are appended scales for testing the extent of the pupil's power, so as to confine his exercises within proper limits. A section of the organs of voice is also given, wherein the various details by which sound is produced are accurately and anatomically described, and directions are annexed to guide the learner to the proper use of the muscles, &c., in order to produce clear and natural tones. The book is written in a smooth and unaffected style, and its diction reflects great credit on the writer, who has, whilst adhering closely to his Italian text, conveyed the meaning of the original in elegant and well-chosen language. Of the exercises there are a great variety, calculated for every description of voice, from the rugged bass to the light and elegant soprano; and great pains have been bestowed in appending such additional instructions to each section of exercises, as well in the fundamental as in the lighter and more ornamental departments, as will enable both teacher and learner to derive the full benefit of Signor Crivelli's system. In short, this is one of the most original and important codes of vocal instruction ever offered to the public, and will be a text-book in every musical family.

Hanover Square Rooms.—On the 14th, Miss Steele gave her annual evening concerts, which, although not boasting any of the Italian Opera company, was one of the most agreeable and well-arranged musical *sorirés* of the season. Our English vocalists, Misses Birch and Mason, and Madame F. Lablache, Messrs. Wilson and J. Parry, lent their valuable services, and gave us some exquisite native music; and for

foreign arias, cavatinas, &c. &c., we had the charming Dorus-Gras, Mlle. Astergaard, Signors F. Lablache and Bruzzi. Miss Steele herself took part with both, and met with much applause. The instrumental music was also of first-rate order—the incomparable Liszt and Benedick on the piano; Richardson, flute; S. B. Chatterton, harp; Lucas, W. L. Philips, and Howell.

Blewitt's Concert, at Store Street, on Thursday, was fully attended, and some of the extremely sweet compositions of Mr. Blewitt were loudly applauded, especially a new and beautiful piece produced on the occasion. The feeling and finish with which he generally inspires his works were never more evident, or deserved greater popularity.

THE DRAMA.

Her Majesty's Theatre.—In the opera on Tuesday, Cerito at length appeared, and gratified the admirers of the agile ballet.

Mlle. Rachel made her second appearance yesterday week as *Camille* in Corneille's *Horace*, and with an effect quite equal to that of her *début*. Her style is certainly very original, and possesses wonderful force. Its originality consists in going into the utmost minuteness of detail, as regards the passions; and suiting the action to the word, to an extent and with a precision never before witnessed. Whether this is an improvement on the histrionic art or not, is questionable; but no one can deny its force and interest as executed by this energetic creature. If her portraiture has not the breadth of a grander school, it has the perfection of distinct traits. Head, bosom, eyes, limbs, hands, fingers, are all trained and drilled into expression. As the passage of the poet indicates, they move, heave, glance, tremble,—they are physical commentaries upon the text; often intense and thrilling, and always striking and ingenious. The view of the poetry is analytical, microscopic, and the whole a dramatic curiosity, not unworthy of the attention that has been excited. Her salary is said to be 120*l.* a-night.

Haymarket Theatre.—On Tuesday a novelty, in two acts, was successfully introduced here. The principal feature worked up is the position Voltaire held at the court of Berlin, his influence over Frederick II., and his treatment of the Royal Academicians, Maupertuis at their head. The dialogue is smart, evinces care and judgment, and rises here and there above mediocrity; the thoughts and words, sentiments and sarcasms, allotted to Voltaire are not misplaced; and this is not slight praise. Wallack played *Voltaire*; Webster, *Old Fritz*; and H. Wallack and T. F. Matthews, *Maupertuis* and *La Beaumelle*. The underplot, if so it may be called, is meagre enough, but the little to be said or done is intrusted to good hands. Mrs. Stirling was most pleasing and interesting as an only daughter of distressed Christian parents; and Miss P. Horton excited sympathy towards the one child of a wealthy Jew, who had no affection but for money: she sang two sweet songs sweetly. Strickland played the Jew father, and D. Rees one of the tribe, but, with the exception of the beard, the representation of the Israelite was wanting. Mrs. W. Clifford, Messrs. Phelps, Howe, and Gough, were the other *dramatis personæ*; and the *Philosophers of Berlin* was enrolled amongst the stock pieces *nem. con.* Mr. Kean has re-appeared here in *Macbeth*, and, with Miss E. Tree as the *Lady*, drawn crowded houses.

German Opera.—The *Zauberflöte* has been

followed by *Die Hochzeit des Figaro*, and both give great satisfaction to the lovers of music. The contrast between the German and Italian stage is not the least part of the attraction towards Drury Lane. It is interesting to mark the difference. In the former, the males have the build and voice of Saxon manliness, and the females are of full womanly proportions. In the latter, the males, generally (for Lablaches and Tamburinis must be excepted), resemble girls with moustaches and beards; and the females are of delicate texture. Strength characterises the German—refinement the Italian opera; the one a little coarse—the other not a little effeminate. A German warrior is a robust fellow who could strike a blow,—an Italian hero is a milkop whom a child might beat with a broomstick. A German lover is more likely to be a match for a widow than a tender virgin,—an Italian lover would sing and sigh away the fair maiden's heart before she could tell how deeply his sentiment had affected her sympathy. (We do not speak directly with reference to the two companies now in London.) There are more points of resemblance among the flexible woman-kind, whether descended from Scythians or Romans; but still the marks of distinction are sufficiently great to make comparison a pleasant occupation; and if it were for nothing else, we would advise a visit to the *German Opera*. But it has, indeed, other merits to recommend it. Heinefetter is a powerful songstress; Emmenrich, a noble bass; and Staudigl, a lively and mercurial performer with an admirable voice. The archness of Madame Schumann, also, invariably tells upon the audience; and the entire music of the two operas we have named is well worthy of the public patronage and applause.

VARIETIES.

Double Dealings.—The late Mr. Dagley was celebrated for the facility and force of his repartees. They did not belong to that description of jokes which, after much consideration and concoction, are uttered as if extemporaneous, but were flashes of wit suggested by the occurrences of the moment, and by which Mr. Dagley frequently produced a hearty laugh from the most unpromising materials. Some years ago, in the course of a very severe winter, a literary friend of his, in order to assist in protecting himself from the cold, caused an inner spring-door to be added to the usual portal of his library. The next day Mr. Dagley, wholly ignorant of the circumstance, paid his friend a visit, and having tapped and obtained permission, he applied his hand to the well-known outer door and pulled it open. Endeavouring, however, to enter, he was stopped by the new and unexpected impediment, which inflicted upon him a smart rap on his prominent forehead. Pressing forward, however, and the door gradually yielding, Mr. Dagley made his appearance before his friend with a doleful visage, rubbing the bump on his forehead, and exclaiming, "Confound your double dealings!"

The Poet Clare.—From the "John Bull" we learn that the poet Clare is, sad to say, confined in a lunatic asylum, and with such scanty means as to be reduced, together with a wife and five children, to great distress. An appeal is made to the benevolent to raise a fund which may procure an annuity for their support. A very few hundred pounds will suffice.—We rejoice to learn that Queen Ade-

laide has sent 20*l.* towards effecting this desirable object, and Earl Fitzwilliam a like sum; so we trust the necessary 500*l.* will soon be made up, and the family be made passing rich with sixty pounds a-year. There is a hope held out that, with this relief to his mind, the reason of the rural poet may be restored.

T. Barber Beaumont, Esq.—This gentleman, originally an artist, and for many years well known to the literary world by productions connected with subjects which interested the public mind at the time, as well as by social intercourse with many individuals distinguished in useful and elegant pursuits, died on Saturday last, at the age of sixty-seven. His death was of the easiest nature. He had sat down in his chair and apparently fallen asleep; but when approached it was found that life had departed.

Atlantic Ices.—Among the natural phenomena of storms which have this season ravaged the Atlantic Ocean, none has been more remarkable than the far sweep of icebergs and fields of ice towards the south, to an extent unknown before.

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

A Selection of Physiological and Horticultural Papers, by the late T. A. Knight; with a Sketch of his Life, royal 8vo. 1*s.*—Hippopathology; the Diseases of the Horse, by W. Percival, Vol. II. 8vo. 1*s.*—Dr. Bull's Hints to Mothers, 3d edition, fcap. 7*s.*—A Practical Consideration of the Lord's Prayer, by Mrs. Stevens, 2d edition, 12mo. 3*s.*—Progressive Experience of the Heart, by Mrs. Stevens, 2d edition, 12mo. 3*s.*—Malte Brun's and Baby's Systems of Geography Abridged, Part III. 8vo. 6*s.*—The Rights of Laymen; their Privilege and Duty, 8vo. 5*s.*—Your Life, by the Author of "My Life, by an Ex-Dissenter," 12mo. 7*s.*—Poems, by Robert Aris Willmott, fcap. 4*s.*—Pictorial edition of Shakespeare; Comedies, Vol. II. royal 8vo. 2*s.*—Fellows' Discoveries in Lycia; a Second Excursion in Asia Minor, imp. 8vo. 2*s.*—The State and its Relations with the Church, by W. E. Gladstone, 4th edition, 2 vols. 8vo. 1*s.*—Arundines Caml, edited by the Rev. H. Drury, post 8vo. 12*s.*—Practical Geology and Mineralogy, by Joshua Trimmer, 8vo. 12*s.*—Whewell's Mechanics of Engineering, 8vo. 9*s.*—Dawnings of Genius; or, Lives of Eminent Persons, by Anne Pratt, 18mo. 3*s.*—Sketches of China, by J. F. Davis, 2 vols. post 8vo. 1*s.*—A New Latin Romance, from Caesar's Gallic War, with a Dictionary, 12mo. 3*s.*—Sir Astley Cooper on the Testes, 2d edition, 4to. 3*s.*—Medical Guide to Nice, by W. Farr, M.D. 12mo. 5*s.*—Christian Life: Sermons by the Rev. T. Arnold, 8vo. 12*s.*—Hazlitt's Lectures on the English Poets, 3d edition, fcap. 6*s.*—The Queen's Poisoner; a Romance, by L. S. Costello, 8vo. 1*s.*—The Bishop; a Series of Letters to a New Prelate, fcap. 7*s.*—Tyns's Illustrated Napoleon, 2 vols. imp. 8vo. 3*s.*—Christian Doctrine and Practice of the Society of Friends, 12mo. 5*s.*—Plutarch's Lives, by J. W. Langhorne, new edition, 1 vol. 8vo. 9*s.*—Personal Recollections, by Charlotte Elizabeth, 12mo. 7*s.*—The Ward and the Church, by the Rev. E. Sidney, 12mo. 2*s.*—Translation of the Book of Job, by the Rev. A. Jenour, 8vo. 3*s.*—Evenings with the Chroniclers, by R. M. Evans, square, 4*s.*—Poetical Works of Milton, Thomson, and Young, edited by Carey, 8vo. 1*s.*—Practical Guide to the Duties of Churchwardens, by C. J. Prideaux, 12mo. 3*s.*—The Book of Poetry, 18mo. 2*s.*

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL, 1841.

| May. | Thermometer. | Barometer. |
|----------------|---------------|----------------|
| Thursday .. 13 | from 47 to 64 | 30.23 to 30.26 |
| Friday .. 14 | ... 36 .. 65 | 30.28 .. 30.22 |
| Saturday .. 15 | ... 40 .. 70 | 30.14 .. 30.03 |
| Sunday .. 16 | ... 48 .. 70 | 29.99 .. 29.73 |
| Monday .. 17 | ... 47 .. 62 | 29.64 .. 29.55 |
| Tuesday .. 18 | ... 45 .. 63 | 29.51 .. 29.54 |
| Wednesday 19 | ... 46 .. 57 | 29.39 .. 29.21 |

Wind, north-east on the 13th and following day; west and south-west on the 15th; since, south-west.

Except the 19th, generally clear; rain fell on the 18th and following day.

Rain fallen, .065 of an inch.
Halones.—On the 14th and two following days these phenomena were very remarkable, particularly on the 14th and 15th, when highly coloured, and visible nearly from sunrise to sunset.

Edmonton.

CHARLES HENRY ADAMS.

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The Annual Meeting for the Election of Officers will be held on Monday, the 24th instant, at 21 Regent Street.

The Chair will be taken at One o'clock precisely.

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3 Waterloo Place, May 19, 1841.

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